



Engraved by Illman Brothers.

"TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER, BALMY SLEEP."



Chr. Linnel &

1852 GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR



C^o S^c.
OR SEPTEMBER 1864.



1

2





Home Schottische.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY "ATSILAG."

ABRIDGED AND ARRANGED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

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The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The first staff contains four measures of music, and the second staff contains four measures of music.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains four measures of music. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It contains four measures of music. The system ends with the word "FINE." in the right margin.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains four measures of music. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It contains four measures of music.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains four measures of music. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It contains four measures of music. The system ends with the instruction "Repeat first 8 bars." in the right margin.

HOME SCHOTTISCHE.



8 va.....



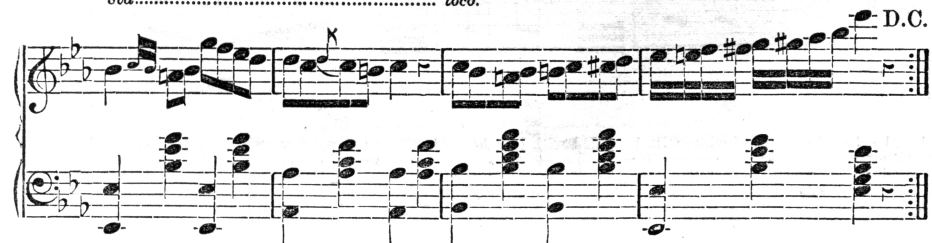
8 va.....



8va.....



8va..... loco.



EVENING DRESS.



Fig 1.—Evening-dress of white silk, brocaded with bunches of brilliant colored flowers. Over-skirt of illusion, caught up with roses and leaves. Corsage low, with a short puffed sleeve. A scarf of white silk, figured with gold-color, is fastened on the left shoulder with a rose, and passes over the corsage to the right side, where it falls in long streamers. The hair is heavily crimped, and dressed with a gilt butterfly and white plumes.

Fig. 2.—Dress of rose-colored silk, gored and trimmed with black velvet. A wreath of roses forms the coiffure.

THE ESTRAMADURA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



The style presented this month shows that in the mutation of fashion the mantilla is again in the ascendant. For the early portion of the season they are worn in heavy taffetas, but later in velvet. The ornament consists of massy crochet headed fringe. This character of trimming will probably be exceedingly fashionable throughout the winter.

HOME JACKET.

(Front view.)



This jacket can be made of any material, but for the present season silk or *piqué* is the most suitable. It fits the figure quite closely, and is made with a coat sleeve. The braiding can be done with either silk or mohair braid, and the jacket is edged with a narrow fluted ruffle.

HOME JACKET.

(Side view.)

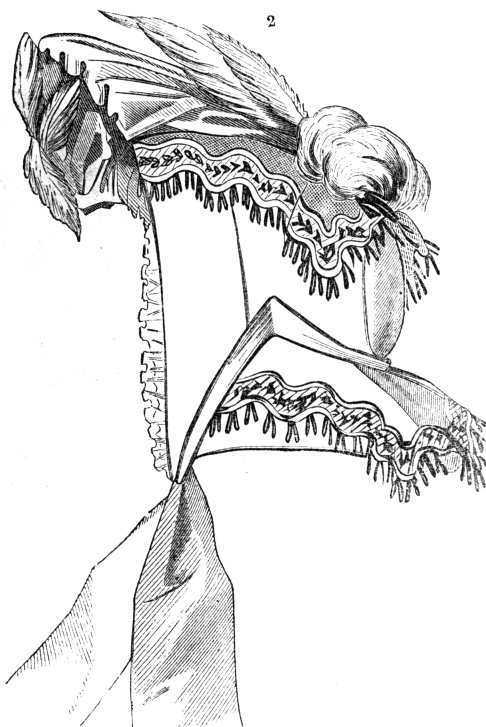


FASHIONABLE BONNETS.—(See Description, Fashion Department.)

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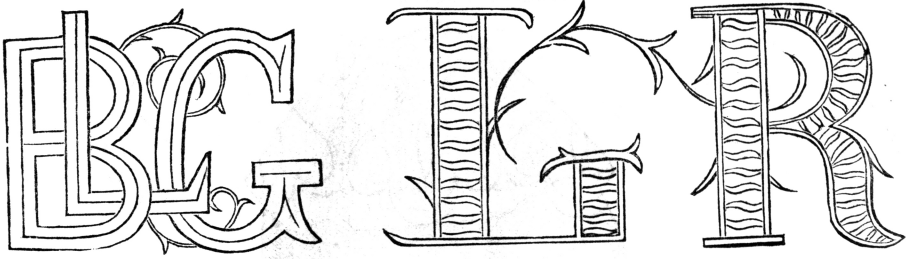
SILK PALETOT FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(Front and Back views.)



Trimmed with rich gimp and bugle trimming. This style is also very suitable for cloth.

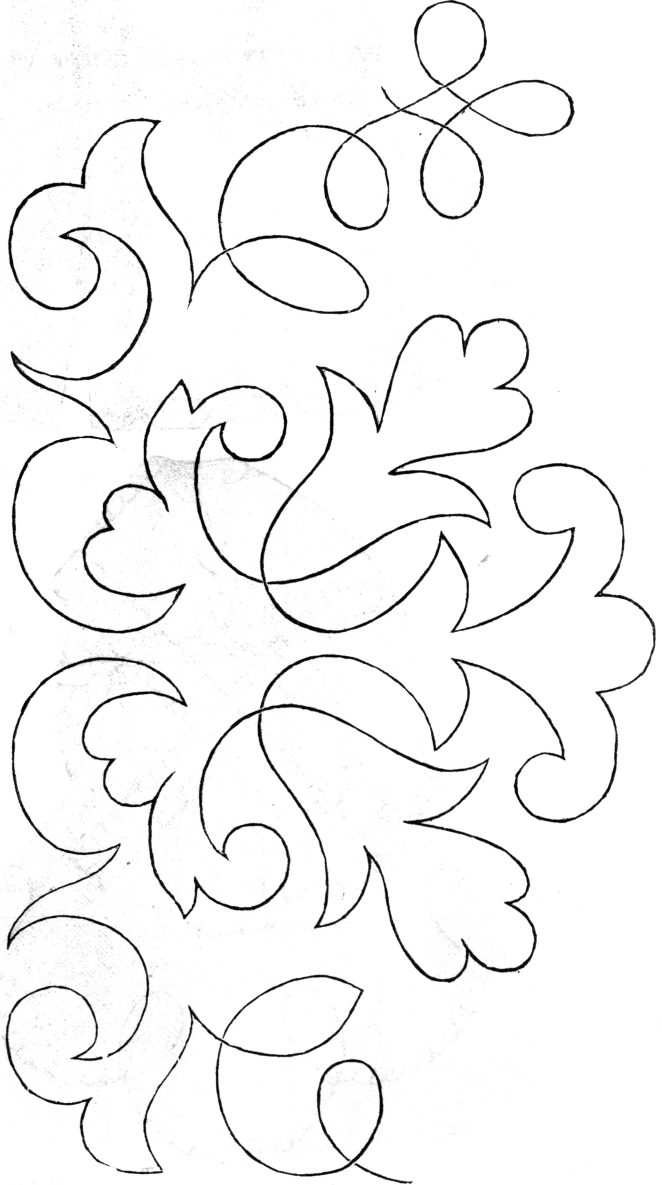
INITIAL LETTERS, FOR MARKING.



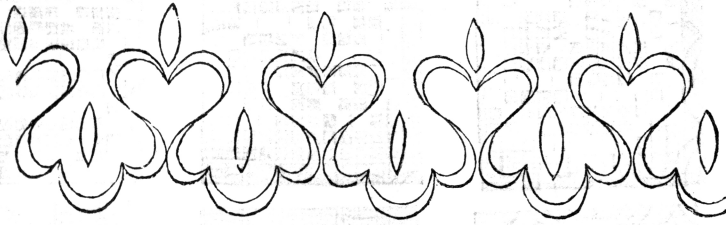
EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.

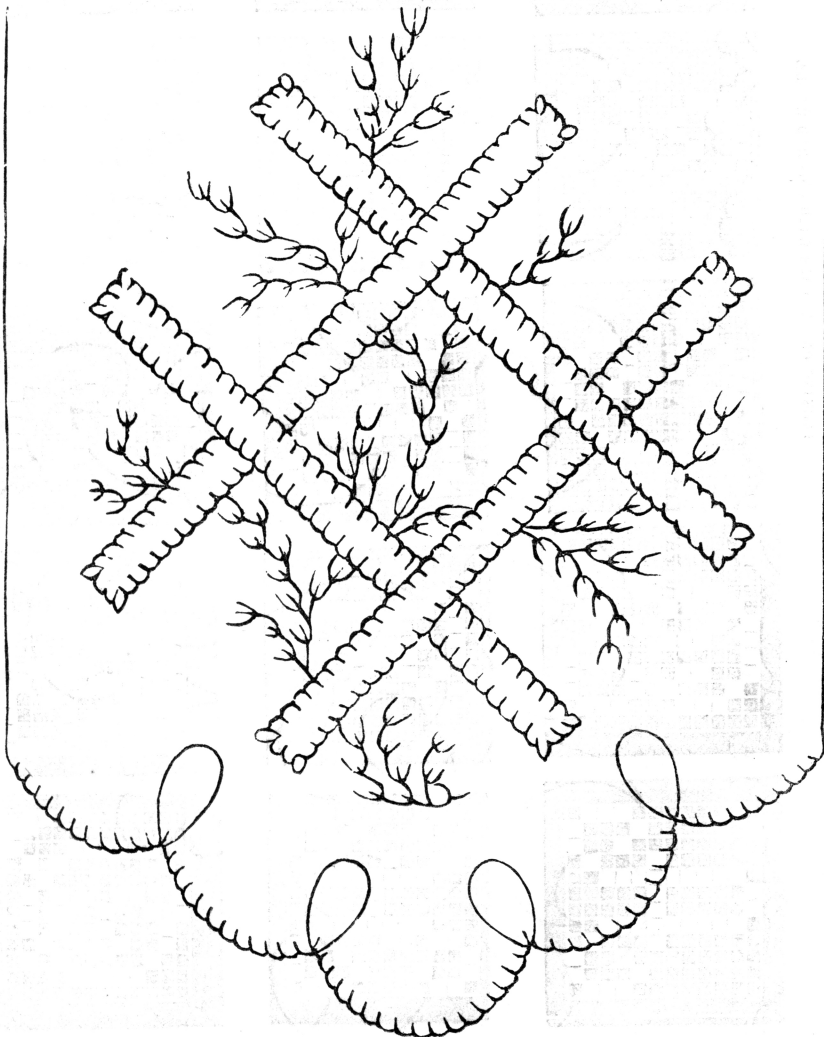


BRAIDING PATTERN.



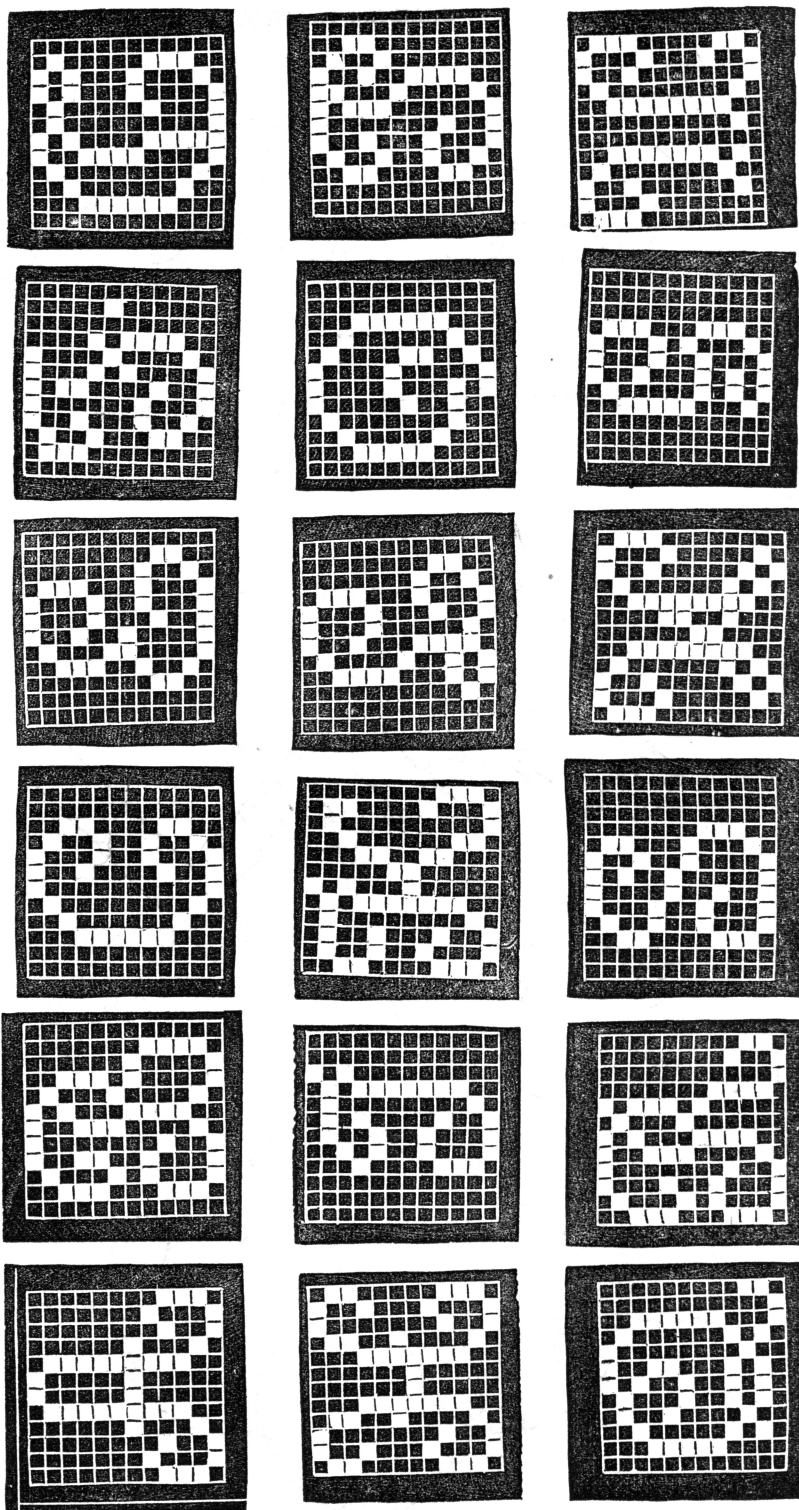
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR THE END OF A SCARF.

SUITABLE FOR MERINO, SILK, OR MUSLIN.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING ON CANYASS WITH COLORED WOOLS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

"TAKING BOARDERS FOR COMPANY."

A STORY OF THE "HEATED TERM," AND CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN ROMANCE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 124.)

CHAPTER II. (*Concluded.*)

Hats and wrappings were hastily collected; the sobbing infants shouldered by the much-enduring Milesians, and the party defiled up a steep, narrow staircase into an upper hall, surrounded on all sides by rows of doors leading into what might have been closets, so near were the portals together.

"Mrs. Bell's apartment!" announced Miss Saccharissa, engagingly, throwing wide one of these. "Your sister's room adjoins it on the left. Mrs. Earle's is just opposite. By leaving the doors of both rooms open, you can always have a delicious draught of air through; need never suffer from the heat. You will find cool, fresh water, clean towels, and lights in each chamber. I trust that everything is arranged to your satisfaction. Supper will be served up in fifteen minutes."

She said all this with the air of a princess welcoming titled guests to her palace, and bowing at the close of her speech, went smiling down the staircase, doubtless to finish the love-scene, in which she had borne so spirited a part.

The Bells—father, mother, three children, and nurse—crowded into the "apartment" allotted them, and gazed first around them, and then at one another in blank astonishment. A small, low-browed room, hardly ten feet long and eight broad, with a sloping

ceiling descending to within three feet of the floor on one side, was ventilated (?) by two tiny windows one pane deep and four in width. There were two narrow bedsteads in opposite corners, covered with patch-work quilts, neither new nor bright; between these was a pine washstand, painted red, supporting a small basin and a handleless ewer of different patterns. Two dingy towels were hung on the back of the stand, and above it was suspended a cheap cracked mirror. The floor was covered with a woollen carpet, faded and patched; a table of the same material as the washstand, and even more diminutive proportions, with a couple of wooden chairs, completed the list of furniture. Upon the table flared and smoked a tallow dip candle, set in a tin candlestick.

Harry was the first to find his tongue.

"Why, mamma, this must be Mary's and Norah's chamber! We can't all sleep in here! There doesn't begin to be room for us!"

Poor Mrs. Bell, who had been growing hysterical for the last hour, could now have sunk upon the uninviting bed and cried heartily with chagrin and mortification. A passionate petition, born of intense homesickness, was already upon her lips—an entreaty to her indulgent and sympathizing husband to take her back to the city on the morrow; but, at

that instant, there came across the hall a roar—a shout of familiar laughter. She knew as well as if she had seen him with her bodily eyes how Tom Earle was stamping about the contemptible little chamber assigned to him and his family, holding his sides, rocking and reeling in noisy merriment at his wife's disappointment and surprised observations upon their quarters.

A glow arose to Mrs. Bell's cheek that dried the springing tears.

"I have lodged in smaller rooms than this, my son, at watering-places that were crowded every year, and which maintained a high reputation for fashion. Instead of complaining, let us make the best of matters."

"Bravo!" said her even-tempered husband, deceived by what he considered her cheerful philosophy, whereas, it was a flashing up of womanly spirit or spite—whichever it might be called. "That is sensible! We won't trust to first impressions, especially as we are unexpected guests. Things may look very different to-morrow."

"They shall!" responded Mrs. Bell, courageously, and, following out the principle she had laid down, she removed her hat and mantle, and, seating herself in one of the hard chairs, took the baby in her arms and sent Mary down in quest of milk for the famished innocent.

Baby Florence leaned her head against her mother's shoulder and suffered herself to be undressed, only an occasional sobbing sigh testifying that the limit of her slender stock of endurance was nearly reached. Mary was brave and shrewd beyond the generality of her class; so ready of wit and prompt in action, that her mistress marvelled at her prolonged absence. The summons to supper had sounded, and Mr. Bell, like a good husband and efficient assistant in the necessary nursery-work to be accomplished before the meal could be partaken of, had found brushes, combs, and soap in the travelling-bag; washed little Annie's face and hands and smoothed her tumbled curls; then, having performed the like offices for himself, and superintended Harry's efforts at imitation, he took Florence, who was by this time arrayed for bed, upon his arm, and, stalking back and forth in the short alley between the bedsteads, sang the enlivening ballad of—

"Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

Mrs. Bell had arranged her own hair and dress, when Mary re-entered with a mug of milk in her hand.

"Did you have any trouble in finding the kitchen, Mary?" inquired her mistress, not noticing her heightened color and worried expression. "I began to be uneasy about you."

The girl was uniformly good-natured and respectful; but the native vehemence broke bounds now in the exclamation—"No trouble at all in finding it, ma'am; but trouble enough afther I got there!"

Then ensued a burning account of her grievances, Mrs. Bell being too much astonished at the unprecedented rush of fiery words to check her at once. Mary had applied to Miss Jemima—"the ould young leddy," as she designated her—for the milk, and this personage had sent a small bound girl, the sole hired waitress of the establishment, down cellar for the desired nourishment. Discovering, by the combined aid of smell and taste, that it was sour, Mary had very respectfully announced the fact to the mistress of the kitchen.

"And," sez she, ma'am. "Ah!" sez she. "It's the thunder this afternoon that has turned it, shure! It generally does!" And wid that, she wint on wid her work, leavin' me a-sthandin' there wid the cup in me hand." Mary always became intensely Irish in her speech when excited. "And, sez I, prisently, makin' bould to spake for the sake of the stharvin' darlint that was fair breakin' its heart for the lack of somethin' to ate. Sez I, 'Will you be so kind, ma'am, as to tell me where I'll get a dhrop of swate milk, for it's sore hungry the poor baby is!' Faith, ma'am, and she sthared at me as if I had sivin heads, and sez she, raal scornful-like, sez she—"Do you always git fresh milk in the city, or shalk and water?" "Pure, swate milk!" said I. "Well," sez she, "I wish you to understand for the future, that's against our rule to disturb the night's milk afther the crame has begun to rise; but seein' you are just come, I'll oblige your misthress for this once." Wid that, she took the cup herself and wint off down cellar, and when she brought up the cup, I'll be blamed, ma'am, if it wasn't half water! But what could I do but howld my tongue and jest stay to warm it the least bit over the fire, and put a grain of sugar in? "Don't ye put hot wather in?" sez she. "That's too rich for a baby's stomach!" "In general, I put one-third hot wather," sez I;

'but I'm afraid it might waken *this* too much.' And as I come out, I heard her rail at me to her sisters and the black-whiskered man for an impudent Irish hussey!"

"There, there, Mary, say no more about it now!" interrupted Mrs. Bell, hurrying Harry and Annie from the room, an order they obeyed with reluctance, so interested were they in Mary's narrative.

Their father accompanied them down stairs, Mrs. Bell lingering behind for a moment to give instructions as to Florence's resting-place, and as Mary cooled down from her white heat, to administer a few judicious words of mingled reproof and consolation. She then summoned up the most cheerful look at her command, which, she was nevertheless aware, was a poor counterfeit, and joined the rest of the party in the dining-room.

This "apartment"—to borrow the nomenclature of the Misses Ketchum—was according to the pattern of Barbara Allen's death-couch, as ordered by that remorseful maiden—"long and narrow." There was barely room for a single person to pass between the wall and the row of chairs packed closely together around the table. On one end of this was spread a tablecloth of doubtful purity—leaving exposed a cheerless stretch of pine boards, stained and spotted by spilled liquids and hot dishes. A kerosene lamp, whose villainous odor was peculiarly penetrating on this hot, still night, illumined the feast. This consisted first of two plates of bread—rye and wheat. Both were hard and both were heavy; but the rye was sticky and the wheat dry and sour, so there was variety in that portion of the fare. These flanked a plate of butter—very oily, notwithstanding the well-stocked ice-house, and which, before the meal was dispatched, was dotted over with greedy flies and the lifeless remains of rash candle-bugs; variety there also, you perceive! Then came a dish of boiled eggs, eight in number—exactly one apiece for the party—tea, remarkable neither for strength nor heat, and having the unmistakable wishy-washy flavor that betrays the haste or negligence of the maker in not allowing the water to boil; a saltcellar and castor, and nothing more!

The three sisters were in obsequious attendance; likewise the man whom the guests had seen in the parlor. He made himself principally useful by replenishing the teapot from a kettle which he brought from the adjoining

kitchen, and alternately screwing up and screwing down the kerosene lamp, thus producing an agreeable variation of light from glare to gloom. The lamps were, it soon appeared, Miss Saccharissa's care, and she made his officiousness in this respect the foundation of another coquettish complaint.

"Be still, Saccharissa; you forget your position!" said Miss Jemima, sharply.

"Mr. Burley, let me introduce you to the new members of our happy household. Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Bell, Miss Rose, Mr. Earle, Mr. Bell! This is Mr. Burley, ladies and gentlemen! A most important and valuable ingredient of our social composition; I really do not know what we should do without him. Have you brothers, Mrs. Earle?"

Mrs. Earle replied simply "Yes," not caring to remind the querist of her relationship to Mr. Bell. She was both weary and disgusted, and, as a natural sequence, woefully out of spirits.

"Jemima, I am ashamed of you!" interposed Hortensia. "Mr. Bell is her brother! How forgetful you are growing!"

"If you had one-tenth on your mind that I have, Miss, you would let a trifle slip from *your* memory, once in a while!" snapped the elder; then, mollifying her tone into one of pensive sentimentality, she pursued—"You can hardly imagine, Miss Earle, how very desolate we felt away up here, in the clouds, as one may say, with no guide and protector, after being accustomed to the society and care of our two brothers. When the elder left us for Washington, it was a fearful blow; but when he accepted the foreign appointment, I thought that I could not survive it. I kept my bed for a week. Indeed, my nerves have never recovered from the shock. But we ought to be more patriotic, I know; ought to find consolation in the thought that he is serving his country. Patriotism is a great virtue, don't you think so, Mr. Bell?"

"It is, certainly!" The unfortunate respondent looked as if he thought that another egg would be a more desirable thing in the then state of his physical system; but Miss Jemima was obtuse to such untimely hints.

"Oh, I fairly dote upon patriotism! So, when Mr. Burley came to us, it was like a gift from Heaven. He seems just to fill up the vacant place in our home and hearts. I never saw another man with such versatility of talent. He can do anything. He made us a

splendid pudding yesterday, and some superb ice-cream to-day. He is a genuine treasure."

"Have some more bread, Miss Rose? I had a hand in that, too!" simpered Mr. Burley, who was evidently used to this barefaced praise, and relished it amazingly.

Georgie declined the offered plate as coldly as was consistent with common civility. She had conceived an intense dislike for the man, heightened during every minute spent in his presence by the bold regards he fixed upon herself. He doubtless meant this for admiration; but it was none the less offensive on this account.

"A vulgar, forward fellow!" she said, mentally, and forgetting that they had, by coming hither, enrolled themselves as Miss *Jemima's* friends and equals, she added, indignantly, "What right has she to force her underbred admirers upon our acquaintance?"

"*Jemima*, Miss Rose will take another cup of tea!" was his next advance.

Georgie prevented him by a haughty gesture, when he would have removed her cup.

"No, thank you, Miss Ketchum!" she answered, as if the proposition had emanated from that lady.

Mr. Burley understood her, for he reddened and frowned; then leaning, in an attitude meant for negligent grace, against the wall near Miss Rose's seat, he talked with Miss *Saccharissa*, in a pretended "aside" that was distinctly audible to all present. The half-gallant, half-teasing strain was interrupted by the rising of the company from table.

"Will you accompany me into the parlor and make the acquaintance of your fellow-visitors?" inquired Miss *Jemima*. "We have some delightful people here; some fine conversationalists and excellent musicians. Our evenings are very gay, positively festive! You are a musician, of course, Miss Rose?"

"I am sure she is! She looks thoroughly accomplished!" said Miss *Hortensia*.

"And such a musical face," observed Miss *Saccharissa*, dulcetly. "We can promise you an appreciative auditory."

"Do come!" cried they all, surrounding Georgie, and moving towards the open door of the parlor.

"Mr. Norris!" hailed Miss *Jemima's* shrill tones to a gentleman, who just then entered the hall from the piazza, "we have secured such a prize to our musical circle! Miss Rose, Mr. Norris!"

"Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Earle!" put in Miss *Saccharissa*.

"Mr. Earle, Mr. Bell!" finished Miss *Hortensia*.

"Do join us in persuading Miss Rose to indulge us with some divine strains!" chorused the three.

Georgie felt like a haunted, worried fawn encompassed by a pack of hounds. So rapid and clamorous was the attack, that she nor her friends had found space to utter a word, although both the matrons had striven to interfere in her behalf. At the appeal to the passer-by, her anger reached its height. "I may prepare for fresh insult!" she thought, and her every feature expressed her determination to resist it by the most lofty dignity.

She stood, pale and apparently calm in her disdain, not moving to shake off the hand Miss *Saccharissa* had laid upon her shoulder, or vouchsafing a glance at the referee. How soothingly fell the clear, deep accents upon her throbbing pulses! The voice was that of a gentleman, and the words suited it.

"Excuse me, Miss Ketchum! Such impertinence from me would be unwarrantable impertinence." Exchanging his cold tone for one of cordial respect, he said: "If I am not mistaken, we have met before, Mr. Earle!"

"We have!" exclaimed Tom, delightedly, returning the grasp of the other's hand.

"My dear"—to his wife—"you have heard me speak of Mr. Norris, one of my companions on that trip to the Adirondacks, last year. This is the gentleman, and I am right glad to meet him again."

"What a charming coincidence!" began the sisters.

Georgie waited to hear no more. Profiting by this tempting diversion of attention from herself, she glided, unperceived, from the group and vanished up the stairway, nor did she reappear below that night.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun was redly visible above the brow of the mountain next morning—a rayless ball through the dim mist that still enwrapped the valley, when Georgie and her niece Annie, who had shared her chamber, descended to the piazza. There was little temptation, even to tired travellers, to play the slug-gard upon the lumpy husk mattress and Lilliputian pillows that had composed her

couch. Moreover, the air of her bed-closet was close to stifling, and had these things been different, the incessant gabbling in the passages and lower rooms would have put to flight all thoughts of sleep that might have visited her after five o'clock. The unseasonable uproar was the clatter, not murmur of three treble voices—Miss Jemima's loudest and most piercing, and a base, which Georgie knew for Mr. Burley's. Her room had a window near the ceiling—a square aperture, without sash or shutter, designed as a ventilator, and opening directly above the staircase. Judging from the sounds that ascended through this, she surmised that the invaluable Burley was assisting his inamorata in sweeping and dusting the first floor—stairs and piazza included. Finding sleep to be an impracticability, and discovering that Annie was as wakeful as herself, Georgie arose, dressed herself and the child, and, when the voices of the quartette died away in the direction of the kitchen, she ventured to leave her cell.

She was not the earliest, even of her party, on the ground, for, seated comfortably upon a bench in the piazza, was Mr. Earle, in close confabulation with a young gentleman of decidedly prepossessing appearance. This, Georgie felt sure, was Mr. Norris, although she had not seen him the preceding evening. She made amends for her former discourtesy by looking him straight in the eyes, now, as her brother-in-law named him; acknowledging secretly, as she did so, that his face was as full of character and refinement as his voice. His countenance brightened visibly as he was presented to her; but it was only the expression of pleasure one might feel at the introduction to a friend's friend. There was not a sign that he retained any memory of the disagreeable incident connected with their former meeting. The hot flush passed from Georgie's cheeks, as she noticed this, and she responded readily and gracefully to his efforts to engage her in conversation. This was his second visit to the Ketchum farm-house, she learned, and while he could not control the amused look that answered hers of inquiry, he yet spoke guardedly of the indifferent accommodations, and the very objectionable triumvirate that ruled the premises. There were pleasant walks in the woods and up the sides of the mountain, he stated, and tolerable fishing at certain points on the river. The hunting was not so good; as to the trout, he was rather

sceptical; but Mr. Earle and himself had just been arranging the details of an expedition that should determine the truth or falsity of that theory very shortly.

Meanwhile, Annie Bell had climbed to her uncle's knee, and, too well trained to interrupt the talk of older people, silently occupied herself in rubbing numerous fiery spots sprinkled over her plump arms. Mr. Earle, chancing to glance down at her, perceived these.

"What does this mean?" he interrogated, taking one of the inflamed members in his hand.

"They are mosquito bites," replied Georgie. "Our room was full of them. Were you not troubled in the same way?"

"They never trouble me, individually. They like me not," said Mr. Earle. "Soho, mosquitoes! Why, Miss Fol-de-rol, the eldest sister, wrote to us that there never had been a mosquito seen within ten miles of Roaring River."

"You were correctly informed, sir!" said a pompous voice behind him. It came from Mr. Burley, who now thrust his head and shoulders out of the parlor window, lounging easily upon the sill, as he continued his remarks. "That nuisance is confined to the low countries and the sea-coast. The creature is a *lusus naturee* hereabouts. The eruption upon your niece's arms and face is a species of rash that often appears upon the skin when one exchanges an unhealthy for a pure air. It is Nature's effort to throw off the evil humors of the system. I notice premonitory symptoms of the same breaking out upon your forehead, Miss Rose."

Georgie looked down in dignified silence. Mr. Norris took care that she should not be obliged to speak.

"That is a reasonable theory, perhaps, Mr. Burley," he responded, smiling; "but, like many other theories, it is unfortunately at variance with facts." He plucked a leaf from a tree overhanging the porch. "What title do you bestow upon this insect, in the mountains? If I had met him in the less favored Lowlands, I should not have to apply to you for information."

Mr. Earle's laugh was echoed by Mr. Bell's, he having just then emerged from the house.

"I should call that a well-gorged mosquito!" said the former, getting up to inspect the hapless creature, which Norris held by the wings.

"I killed twenty-five of his comrades, all as comfortably filled, before I left my chamber," observed Mr. Bell. "The poor baby is terribly peppered. I had forgotten what a rare species they are in these parts, or I would have captured a dozen or so of the largest alive, and brought them down for exhibition."

This raillery was received by Mr. Burley with sulkily effrontery. Deigning no reply, he disappeared from the window, and, about ten minutes afterwards, came out upon the piazza, his hands full of flowers—pinks, larkspur, and lavender, dripping with moisture. Walking up to Georgie, he offered her a bunch of these—as stiff and tasteless a group as could well be imagined. "We are all devotees of Flora, here, Miss Rose."

Completely taken by surprise, Georgie accepted the bouquet, hardly knowing what she did. Recollecting herself the next second, she dropped it into Annie's lap, transferring it with a daintily contemptuous gesture of her pretty fingers that made Norris smile. It was certain that he liked her none the less for it.

"Is that the major-domo of the establishment?" queried Mr. Bell, looking after the retreating Burley, as he obeyed a call from the interior of the mansion.

"I have a fancy that he will become a partner one of these days," answered Norris. "His present position is somewhat ambiguous."

Mrs. Earle came down, heavy-eyed and pale, at the sound of the breakfast-bell, and close behind her was Mrs. Bell.

"I did not sleep well, and have a wretched headache this morning," she said, in reply to Georgie's affectionate inquiries. "But I am not disheartened. When our trunks come, we can arrange matters to suit ourselves. I have baby's crib-net among my things. It is three times larger than she needs, and I have calculated that, by cutting it up, we can furnish all our windows with mosquito-bars."

"I always said that you would be a famous manager in the back woods," rejoined her husband, patting her shoulder.

Spunky little woman! She had reviewed the whole "situation" in her restless brain, during the tedious hours of that damp, breathless night, as she lay, in compulsory quiet of body, upon the unyielding, uneven flock mattress, holding Baby Florence tightly in her arms, lest she should roll from the tall, narrow couch to the floor. Mr. Bell and

Harry had possession of the other bed. One of Mrs. Bell's main resolutions was that, since the ladies of the two families had been most eager to try the experiment of a summer at Roaring River, they should not be the first to complain. Like most other spirited dames she dreaded ridicule more than physical inconvenience, and she foresaw that an early and ignominious abandonment of a scheme she had been so forward in advocating would furnish Tom Earle with perpetual material for teasing. In imagination, she heard the whole story talked over among the acquaintances to whom they had described, in glowing terms, their contemplated retreat, beheld herself and fellow-sufferers the mark for abundant jests and unbearable pity, and she raised her little hand in a vow that, while flesh and blood could endure, she would, and that without a murmur. Furthermore, her sisters should do likewise!

By some telegraphical communication, habitual to the sex, these two were notified of her determination, and signified their readiness to co-operate with her, ere they reached the breakfast-table. If the gentlemen chose to declare their circumstances unbearable, upon them should rest the responsibility of changing these, and the jeers of the public. Most women could be martyrs in a cause like this, and all three of our fair friends had rather more than the average amount of wit and spirit. So each called up a smile that looked agreeable and natural, in return for the profuse salutations of the Misses Ketchum. These stood just within the dining-room door, *en deshabelle* in calico wrappers; *en grande toilette* as to their hair, Miss Jemima's being puffed over her ears, Miss Saccharissa's curled, and Miss Hortensia's frizzed. Each wore one of Mr. Burley's bouquets. Miss Jemima's was at the back of her head, Miss Saccharissa's above the left temple, while Miss Hortensia's crowned the frizzled and pomatumed pile on the very top of her cranium. As the other boarders—*guests*, I should say—entered, they were presented with much pomp of language, if not of circumstance, to the later comers. They were, taken as a whole, an attractive looking company. There were half-a-dozen ladies besides those of our party, and about the same number of gentlemen and children, and all, with the single exception of Mr. Burley, had the appearance and manners of well-bred people.

This last-named personage did not sit with the rest; but carved at a side-table, dispensing amazingly small strips of a tough, leathery substance, complimented by the name of "steak." There were, besides this chief viand, two large soup plates of a mixture, suspicious in looks and odor, called "hash;" two others of stewed potatoes, hard, grayish, and waxy; two parts of butter, and four piles of bread, exactly similar in appearance and character to that served up to the hungry travellers the night before. Bessie Earle, a fastidious miss of six summers, turned up her nose at the hash, and after a futile effort to masticate the steak, furtively withdrew the gristly morsel from her mouth, and depositing it upon the side of her plate declared to her mother that she did "not feel like eating, somehow!" Distressed at this failure of appetite, Mrs. Earle turned to Miss Saccharissa, who stood nearest her chair, and asked, politely, if the child could have an egg.

"Certainly! I hope you will never feel any hesitation in asking for what you wish!" replied that young lady, benignly, and withdrew from the room to see to the fulfilment of the request.

In a minute or two she was back again, and leaning over Mrs. Earle's shoulder, with unruffled urbanity of visage and manner expressed her regret that there was not an egg in the house. The last had been boiled for the late supper of the previous evening.

"How then did they clear the coffee?" wondered Mrs. Bell, who always drank tea.

A glance at the muddy liquid in her husband's cup laid this thought to rest.

"Eggs are awfully scarce, frightfully dear!" said Miss Jemima, who had overheard the petition and reply. "And in a family like ours we use an immense quantity. But I think it is sinful to murmur. My brother writes me from the city that they are selling in their market for thirty cents a dozen. Oh, oh, oh-h! isn't that dreadful! Just think how the poor must suffer in those large towns! And even the middle and wealthy classes have to submit to privations that we happy country people never dream of. When I reflect how many of my fellow-creatures subsist upon swill milk, stale vegetables, and tasteless baker's bread, I am moved to thankfulness that my lines were cast in such pleasant places. Have you ever visited Washington, Mr. Norris?"

"I have, madam."

"The fare in the hotels there is abominable, isn't it?"

"It did not strike me as being unbearable."

"Didn't it? I passed one winter in Willard's, while my brother was in Congress. O, what a gay time I had! I *so* enjoyed meeting the distinguished men of the day! My brother's parlor was the favorite resort of such statesmen as Clay, Crittenden, Webster, and Calhoun. I became very intimate with them."

"Indeed! I had not supposed that your brother was a Congressman so long ago," rejoined Norris, with admirable gravity. "I thought him comparatively a young man, your junior, in fact. I never imagined that he was contemporary with Calhoun."

"Is there nothing which that sweet child will eat, Mrs. Earle?" Miss Jemima became suddenly very solicitous for Bessie's comfort. "We have such a variety that something must surely tempt her. We always study to set a varied and appetizing assortment of eatables before our friends."

"I will trouble you for a glass of new milk and a slice of toasted bread, if you please. She is not very well this morning, I think," said Mrs. Earle, in her gentle, lady-like way.

"Hortensia, give the order!" said Miss Jemima, briskly.

The milk was brought pretty soon, and remembering Mary's story, Mrs. Earle raised the glass to her own lips before giving it to Bessie. There was no mistaking the quality of the beverage. It had been both skimmed and watered. It did not even leave a white trace on the side of the tumbler as it regained its level.

"I am very sorry"—this time it was Miss Hortensia's turn to be affably apologetic at Mrs. Earle's ear—"but the kitchen fire is so low that the cook says she cannot possibly toast a slice of bread over it."

This general lowness of condition was, by the way, as all the boarders speedily discovered, a chronic complaint of the kitchen-fire.

"It is so hot that we only kindle it up to prepare the regular meals," Miss Jemima explained. "We could not work in the room where a constant fire was kept."

Mrs. Earle had a queer sensation in her throat as she broke up a piece of dry bread into Bessie's milk, and saw her try, dutifully, in obedience to her injunction, to swallow it.

She recollected, as a morsel of consolation, that she had that morning found still remaining in the luncheon-basket a store of biscuits and sandwiches. How little she had known of their real value when she provided so liberally for their journey! She was glad to think, moreover, that there were a box of crackers; a fine old English cheese; cakes, sugar, lemons, wine, and wax candles among the baggage which would probably reach them before night-fall. Crusoe, on his desert island, did not overhaul the chest cast ashore with more trembling hope and anxiety than did this thrifty housewife and tender mother rehearse mentally the contents of the precious boxes—yet undelivered.

By nine o'clock the sun gave promise of throwing aside the envious mantle of cloud, and the ladies caught, with avidity, at a proposition broached by Mr. Bell, that they should don hats and overshoes and walk to a neighboring eminence, said to command a fine view. The grass was high and wet in the orchard through which their way lay, and the trees loaded with rain drops; but they were not to be turned back by these trifles, remembering the *ennui* that awaited them in the house they left behind. After ten minutes' tramp, they stood upon "Prospect Hill." It overlooked meadow lands on either side of the river, in one direction; the Ketchum farm buildings in another; the view was bounded abruptly upon two others by a range of prosaic, monotonous mountains, with no particular beauty of outline; not high enough to be grand, nor was the forest that formed their scanty covering noteworthy for aught except the frequent black patches that interrupted the green, and the curling smoke, that betokened these to be the work of charcoal-burners. The river was, at its broadest part, half a mile in width; a muddy, sluggish stream, wallowing between reedy and marshy banks.

Georgie exclaimed with disappointment—then, remembering the feminine compact, tried to divert her escort's attention from her indiscretion.

"Why 'Roaring River?'" she asked. "It is quiet enough here."

"There is a tale to the effect that it is a turbulent rivulet near its mountain source," replied Mr. Norris. "The Misses Ketchum are eloquent in their description of the grand cascade to be found by diligent search about twenty miles up the stream. If you remain

here until clear weather, Mrs. Bell, we can make up a party to visit it. At this point, I grant you, Miss Rose, that it 'roars you soft as any sucking dove.'"

Mr. Earle ejaculated a monosyllable in his wife's ear, as, warned by the darkening heavens that another shower was at hand, they beat a precipitate retreat from their post of observation.

"Bosh!" he said, emphatically, and she knew that the scenery and the indoor accommodations were alike written down in his books as a "sell."

It rained so persistently, for three days more, that the question was gravely mooted whether the sun were here, as in the polar regions, invisible for half the year. The first day and a half were consumed by the Bell party in unpacking trunks and contriving ways and means to convert their cells into tenable habitations. "Stow close" was here, as at sea, the imperative maxim. Trunks were summarily banished to the hall, even at the risk of torn dresses and bruised shins. Under Mrs. Bell's strait, slender-limbed bedstead were packed, with due regard to order, first, a dozen bottles of wine, and as many of porter, laid in rows upon their sides; then came a square tin box of crackers—sweet, Graham, and butter—and a round, wooden one of cheese; next, a leather case of boots and shoes; and nearest the foot a covered clothes-basket. No decent mechanic in the crowded streets of her native city would have endured to live in such a fashion; but the brave-souled matron said to herself and others that it was absurd to expect the comforts of home anywhere except *at home*, and made a heroic display of merriment over the shifts to which they were obliged to resort in order to move and breathe.

She was not singular in her philosophical principles and attempted practice of the same. Yet the feeble show of jollity that reigned nightly in the parlor which Miss *Jemima* described as "the home of social mirth and intellectual converse," deceived none of the participants therein into a belief of its reality. The ladies crocheted and sewed about the centre-table, conversing in subdued tones; the gentlemen, having discussed their cigars in the damp piazza, sauntered in, one by one, and allowed themselves to be set down to whist; submitted to be talked to by one or the other, often by all the Misses Ketchum, or sat gloomily

apart, poring over newspapers three days old ; for, among the advantages of the place which Miss Jemima had accidentally omitted to mention, was a semi-weekly, instead of a daily mail. The triad of sisters were, we may safely say, the only ones who really enjoyed their pet "evening reunions." The domestic duties of the day were over ; the feeble kitchen fire allowed to perish peacefully. Assisted by Mr. Burley, Miss Saccharissa had washed and wiped the dishes ; Miss Jemima arranged the preliminaries for breakfast and stored the day's scraps ; Miss Hortensia scolded, while she helped the bound-girl to put water in every room and towels where they were due ; for these indispensable articles were, like the mail, distributed but twice a week, and then only one or two to each room. And, decked in other and gayer robes than they had worn through the hours of daylight, the Misses Ketchum appeared in the state apartment and addressed themselves to the work of entertaining their "friends." Not that what Mr. Earle rudely, but confidentially anathematized as their "confounded clock," was more incessant than at other times. All three talked continually, Miss Jemima especially. Sweeping, dusting, cooking, serving, or waiting, her tongue was a terrible confirmation of St. James' wisdom and knowledge of the gentler portion of mankind, when he pronounced it to be an "unruly evil, which no man can tame."

But, in the social gathering after tea, the hostesses sank the kitchen and chamberwork. Belles lettres, the fine arts, fashions and flirtations were matters to which they did there most seriously incline. Then would Miss Jemima beg leave to delight the company with "the sweetest thing" from Tupper or Willis, and enunciate astounding bits of information concerning this or that author, generally a fragment of personal history, she vouching for the authenticity of the story upon the strength of an acquaintanceship with the notability under discussion, formed "in my brother's parlor in Washington, while he was a member of Congress." The parlors, so often aforesaid, would seem to have been an *omnium gatherum* of celebrities, since there was scarcely one belonging to this century whom she had not met within its charmed precincts during that "heavenly winter in the capital." Miss Jemima was strong upon adjectives.

During these three days and nights, the

most powerful emotion of our city party, mastering even their extreme sense of discomfort, and soreness of acknowledgment that they were the victims of an egregious and barefaced imposition—was a feeling of overwhelming wonderment at volubility so amazing—to them unprecedented and terrific. The marvel was that the woman's vocal apparatus did not absolutely wear out.

"Sheet iron and steel springs would have gone to wreck long ago, with one-half the friction," said Mr. Earle. "But gabbling is Jemima's normal state. She does violence to her whole nature whenever she shuts her mouth."

(To be continued.)

WAIT!

BY J. H. G.

VOYAGER on life's billowy main! Is thy sky overcast? Does the storm gather? Art thou dashing upon the rocks? Do the surges rise, threatening every moment to engulf thee? Dost thou feel thy heart sinking, thy courage failing, and all ready to sink down in despair? Wait! Yes, voyager, wait. The storm cannot always rage; the tempest *must* spend its fury; and the fiercer the elements rage, the sooner must the storm pass. So surely as we have the assurance from God himself that there shall be no more flood, and we behold his pledge in the heavens after the descending shower, *just so surely* will the tempest cease, and a blessed calm and sunshine follow.

Life has its Marahs of sorrow and suffering; but there never was a night so dark and cheerless but there followed a morning, and sorrow taken in a right spirit cannot fail to beautify, enlarge, and ennoble the soul, and make one more spiritual. And He who once on Gethsemane's sea bade the raging waters "Be still!" can speak to thy soul, voyager, *peace*, and bid thee *wait*, and in his own good time, if thou walkest worthy of it, the reward shall follow; perhaps not while a partaker of the changes of time, but will it be any the less welcome because an eternal reward? Add to thy faith patience, and bide the time.

Wait, voyager, wait.

— PRAISE AND BLAME.—Praise, when the reasons for it are given, is double praise; censure, without the reasons for it, is only half censure.

BEL DANA'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

HAD ever a woman such wooing? Ever since Mother Eve, for the want of some other occupation probably, went flirting with the wily old serpent in the garden of Eden, down to the present day, it has seemed woman's especial prerogative to be forever putting her foot into some unfortunate affair.

Now, if Eve must taste from the forbidden tree, why need all her many daughters go reaching for the tempting fruit that turns to ashes on the lips? It was a great temptation, greater than Bel Dana could withstand—she whose young head was overflowing with all manner of romancing nonsense; and, besides, it was her first offer—and who ever heard of a woman saying "Yes" to that, or owning to it if she did? So the forbidden tree in Bel Dana's Eden looked very temptingly that summer's day, and the serpent coiled in its branches, winked its bright eyes, and seemed to whisper "Pluck and eat." So the little "No" hovered for an instant only on her lips, and then was spoken.

Now, Bel Dana had always thought of lovers that should come sighing and trembling to her feet, asking but to touch the hem of her garment, and be forever transported to regions of perfect bliss; and that she could say "No," and "Never," in terrible disdain, and still hold them willing captives until such time as she was tired of conquest, and then smile radiantly upon the most eligible of them all, and see the others expire with envy, or grow wild with despair.

But romance is one thing, and reality is decidedly another; and how her romance suffered that afternoon when Fred Leighton, instead of crouching at her feet like a whipped spaniel, or rolling his eyes like a love-lorn Romeo, paused in the interesting occupation of mending his fishing-line, and said, without preface or preamble, "Bel Dana, you are the dearest girl in all this world; will you marry me?"

Oh what a fall was there! Airy castles, that for years had been looming up in the glowing future—that beautiful Utopia of girlhood—how they tottered and fell in that one little moment, and all Bel Dana's bright

dreams and romancing lay deep down under the ruins.

It was a rude awakening, and if it had come from any other lips than Fred Leighton's she could have borne it better, for, truth to tell, all Bel Dana's heroes were vastly like Fred. No matter how she disguised them under fierce moustaches, or sent them galloping away on fiery chargers, with "sword and pistols by their sides," they were sure to turn back somewhere in the plot, with a gesture or a speech so exactly like Fred Leighton's that even the little dreamer herself could not fail to see who was the hero. But never in her wildest dreaming had she ever imagined a lover making love to her in the broad glare of a June afternoon, lying at full length on the green bank of a brawling brook, while he angled for trout or mended his fishing-line.

Bel Dana's face grew very red at first, and then white, and her short upper lip took an extra curve, as she bent low over Longfellow's "Evangeline" that lay idly on her lap; but she could not read, no, not if the whole world had been gained thereby.

The line was mended, and a brilliant fly at the end danced merrily on the sun-lit water, when Fred looked back over his shoulder and said—"Why don't you speak to me, Bel?"

This was the moment of temptation. Should she come down meekly from her pedestal of pride, and say, humbly, "Yes," like any common maiden? or should she teach Frederick Leighton that the man that won her heart could not do it so easily as he could draw a shining trout from the water? How the old serpent writhed, and twisted, and coiled in and out among the green leaves, and hissed, "Be not lightly won; a heart that is worth the asking is worth a world of trouble to obtain." It would be a splendid triumph to bring this saucy independent Fred Leighton sighing to her feet; and so Bel Dana pursed up her mouth, tossed her head, and said, emphatically, "No!"

"Oh, Bel, what a beauty! look, quick!" and a little crimson-speckled trout swung back and forth in the bright sunshine, high over her head. "Just come and see if he

isn't a beauty, Bel, and the largest of the lot;" and Fred laid all his shining treasures, one by one, down on the bank to compare with it.

Bel curled her lip, and looked supremely indifferent to all kinds of fish or fishermen, and thought, "Is that the man that five minutes ago asked me to marry him?" So she leaned quietly back against the old apple-tree, and tried to follow meek-eyed Evangeline in her lonely journeying after her lost lover. But the charm was broken; her eyes would wander away to the fleecy white clouds sailing so lazily along on the faintest of all rose-scented June breezes, or listen to the rippling music of the water as it danced away over the smooth pebbles in the soft sunshine. O it was a glorious afternoon! filled with the young summer's freshest beauty, vocal with bird-songs, and heavy with fragrance. One hour before Bel Dana would have gazed entranced upon such a scene as lay before her; but now, she could see nothing of all this beauty; know nothing, but that Fred Leighton lay there in the shadow of the great apple-tree, watching the sparkling water, while the soft wind tossed the hair back from his white forehead, utterly oblivious to all things. It seemed an age since that little word had slipped over her lips, that she had uttered in such pride, but somehow she felt none of the promised pleasure that she had expected; she had tasted from her forbidden tree, and found it very, very bitter.

A motherly robin sat in her nest up in the apple-tree branches, and tipped her head at Bel, and winked and blinked in such a knowing way, while the yellow-breasted husband went dashing in and out, piping his shrill song, or bringing a delicate supper for his faithful spouse in the shape of a worm full four inches long. Little innocent things, how happy they are! thought Bel, bringing her eyes down from the tree at last to see Fred reeling in his line, while he whistled merrily, looking anything but a disconsolate, discarded lover.

"Ma belle! did I understand you to say 'No' to me this afternoon?" he said, at length, throwing himself down on the soft turf, in the deepest shadow, and looking over to where Bel was sitting.

"I said it."

"And what could have tempted you to refuse such a splendid husband as I shall make,

Bel Dana? I am afraid you will regret it;" and Fred laughed that peculiar chuckling laugh of his that always made Bel think of bubbling water.

"Because I do not love you, Mr. Leighton. I think that is a sufficient reason why I should not marry you."

"Not love me? Why, little Bel, you have loved me ever since you were so high. Not love me, indeed! well, that *is* rich;" and Fred lay back on the grass and laughed until the old robin on her nest quaked with fright.

"I do not love you, Fred Leighton, and what is still more to the purpose, I hate you desperately." This was said in the most emphatic manner, while her face went crimson, and tears started into her flashing eyes. "Love you, indeed! I should scorn myself if I thought it."

"Little pet, then why did you not go with all the others to Beresford Abbey to-day, when Colby Vincent went down on his knees to you almost to make you consent to go, and proud Cleve Terry even turned back to see if you had not changed your mind at the last moment? I think the other girls must have felt the compliment. Two lackadaisical swains, looking as though they were going to the stake, instead of joining a brilliant picnic party—and all because Lady Bel Dana refused to lend the sunshine of her presence on the occasion. Ha, ha! Own up to me now, Bel; you thought of the cool shadow of this glorious old apple-tree, when you said 'No' to them, didn't you? and you knew I would come here and fish—and—and you didn't hate me then, did you, Bel?"

"Then, now, and forever!" And Bel Dana swept past him with the air of a tragedy queen, only that she was so very *petite* the effect was quite spoiled. She made one think of an enraged little wren.

Half an hour after, Fred Leighton came whistling along through the orchard, bringing his fishing implements and flinging them down in the back piazza, while he displayed his finny treasures to Kitty, who promised to have them instantly made ready for supper. After that, Bel heard him come up to his room and go down again, and then she heard him singing in the parlor snatches of that beautiful duet they had practised together that morning, and then playing over all those delicious waltzes until her very brain went wild hearing him.

The sun went down toward the amber-clouded west, and the first pale star peeped forth, and still Bel Dana sat thinking—"you have loved me ever since you were so high." Ah, *that* was the unkindest cut of all. How dare he say it? And was it not true? Years ago, almost as far back as she could remember, Hal Dana and Fred Leighton had been like brothers. Every summer vacation was spent by them at the old farm-house, and since they had gone into business, the old time pleasures could not all be given up, so every few weeks, all through the summer, they, together with several of their friends, managed to spend a few days among the cool shadows at the farm.

And so, Bel Dana grew up to girlhood, thinking of the pleasant days when Hal and Fred were home, and growing to think at last that they were the only pleasant days that came in all the long, bright year.

The last fold in the red banner that draped the west had faded, other stars came out in the blue sky, and the young moon's pale crescent yet lingered over the old pine woods, when the tramp of horses' feet along the smooth road announced the "coming home." Rose Vincent came first, with Hal; Bel could hear her sweet voice laughing as they came, ringing out on the clear evening air like music. May Terry came meekly along under the awful shadow of her brother's wing; while young Vincent managed to ride very close on the other side.

Bel Dana had settled it in her own mind, some months before, that beautiful Rose Vincent was to be her sister, sooner or later, so, when she crept softly up to her room not long after, with her riding-skirt over her arm, and the plumes of her hat drooping over her dark curls, and bent down over Bel's chair, and whispered "Sister," she folded her arms around her neck and cried; whether for joy at Rose's happiness, or she found tears a convenient escape-valve for her own private wretchedness.

Bel excused herself from going down to tea, and so all that evening merry voices came up from the piazza, and she had the supreme satisfaction of hearing Rose Vincent singing her part in the new duet, and over and above all the rest came Fred Leighton's laughter, happy and gay. It must have been late when they separated for the night, for Bel had been dozing a long time when May Terry's

soft lips touched her cheek and said "Good-night."

"You will be well enough to go to-morrow, won't you, Bel? Cleve has looked dismal enough to-day, and I know it's because you were not with us. Do you know, Bel, I think he loves you?"

"Oh, dear me! No, don't let him, May!" and Bel sat bolt upright, clasping her hands, and looking the very picture of despair. "What shall I do? Tell him he must not, May; never, never in the world. Will you, May, promise me?" and Bel, with her great frightened eyes, and disordered hair, looked wild enough.

"Is he so very disagreeable then, Bel?"

"Oh, no, not *that*, dear May; but I don't love him, and I can't tell him, it would seem so—so—"

"Well, never mind; perhaps I'm mistaken after all, Bel; don't think any more about it, dear; good-night;" and May Terry went out, and closed the door softly behind her.

The morning sun had but just peeped over the eastern hills when merry voices broke in upon Bel Dana's slumbers, and the girls entered her room ready for the day's excursion.

Half an hour after they were all *en route* for the gypsy encampment, lying down the valley some dozen miles. Cleve Terry constituted himself Bel's particular cavalier, and Fred Leighton took timid little May under his special guardianship, while Mr. Vincent was forced into escorting one of the dashing Lenoxes. They were a gay party; but still poor Bel Dana, how miserably jealous she felt seeing May Terry's pale cheeks grow crimson, her eyes sparkle, and her light laughter ripple back on the swift wings of the morning wind, mingling with Fred's!

Oh, had ever a woman a lover like that? The shining old serpent, now trailing over all the flowers, that so short a time ago were filling her Eden with beauty, hissed again—"Flirt with Cleve Terry; don't let a lover see that he has it in his power to make you miserable. Flirt, flirt with Cleve Terry!" But that idea was too ridiculous, had poor heart-sick Bel felt ever so much inclined, for one would as soon have thought of coquetting with an iceberg as Cleve Terry, who never was known to descend from his rigid perpendicularity. "Oh, wo to the angel in woman's guise," thought Bel, "that dares trouble the waters in that placid pool!"

Little, indeed, did Bel Dana think, riding swiftly along on that beautiful morning, thinking only of her own troubles, that the angel had already disturbed the deep waters in the heart of Cleve Terry, and they were at that very moment swelling and surging, making the strong man a very child. Before the day was over, however, she knew it all. He had not intended it; but it came so naturally, so easily, riding back in the gathering darkness of the coming night, and Bel beside him, so still and quiet, so unlike her usual brilliant spirits that he felt his heart go out towards her in sympathy, and he longed to fold her in his arms, and keep her quiet, still, peaceful, all her life.

It had been a miserable day to Bel, and she was going home now, feeling so lonely, so wretched, that the tears would sometimes force themselves from under the closed eyelids, no matter how hard she tried to keep them back, and trickle down over her burning cheeks. O how beautiful the glittering fruit on the tree of temptation, little Bel! but how bitter, how accursed when plucked and tasted. It was a very gentle hand laid on Bel Dana's bridal rein, and a low, kind voice that said: "Bell, you are unhappy; what troubles you?"

It was in vain that she tried to evade the question, and go faster; her horse was under a firmer hand than hers now, so, no matter how wildly her chafed spirit longed to escape, she must sit quietly and hear it all.

"Tell me, Bel, what troubles you?" he said, again feeling the hand that he was half crushing in his tremble.

"Why do you think me troubled, Mr. Terry? Surely a woman can stop talking without trouble, can't she?" and Bel tried to laugh, but it sounded strangely forced and unnatural.

"I think not, Bel. Certainly, not you, for it is as hard for you to stop talking as for a bright little running brook to stop singing. Listen to me, Bel. I must tell you, to-night, though I have vowed a thousand times not to, I love you, Bel Dana, dearly, dearly! Can you love me?"

O how the blear-eyed old serpent of a few moments ago now sparkled and shone! The eyes were glittering like a thousand stars, and the forked tongue hissed, "This is indeed revenge. Show him that the heart he treats but lightly, another stoops to win; say yes—yes—yes."

"Bel, darling, can you love me?" How tenderly the little half-crushed hand was pressed and carried up to the lips asking for love! How the sick heart, throbbing in Bel Dana's bosom, whispered, "Surely, this is love! I will try—I'll think no more of one than—that!"—

"Speak to me, Bel, just one word; do you love me?"

Out on the tip end of the highest branch on the tree of temptation hung this golden, glittering apple, higher, higher, and higher; still Bel Dana reached her hands to grasp it, but every light breeze blew it just a little breath beyond—and, welling up from the depths of her tremulous, fluttering heart, the little answer struggled, and the old serpent hissed, "Now, take it," and into her open hands drifted the golden fruit, and over the white lips drifted the low-breathed "Yes."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Bel's feet, it could not have startled her more than the sound of her own voice, speaking what she knew was, in the sight of high Heaven, the blackest falsehood. But she had said it, and her half-palsied tongue refused to take it back; so she sat mute and statue-like, while Cleve Terry told her how she had made his loveless life beautiful—how henceforth she was to be his, his only, brightest and best beloved.

How all that long night Bel Dana tossed upon her restless pillow! how dark life looked to her! Where now was the glittering-eyed tempter? where now the promiser of a sweet revenge? Hidden down under all the brightest dreams in this young life, watching how well his work had been done. All the next day she lay in her darkened room, refusing entrance to all but her mother. Even Mr. Terry turned away from the door unanswered, and went silently down the stairs. She heard Fred Leighton's voice in the hall, once or twice, speaking gently, and from that she turned wearily away, letting the tears flow softly down. O, revenge is sweet!

It was near evening; the soft wind swept the rose-leaves clustering around the window into little pink drifts on the couch where she lay, looking out into the stillness beyond. How quiet everything was! only the last sweet songs of the birds flitting home to their nests, or the lowing of cattle on the far-off hillsides—these were all the sounds to be heard, and over all went the golden sheen of the setting sun. O, this world is beautiful!

Pity that there should come sin or sorrow, heartbreakings and weariness, and at last dying.

There came a firm step on the stairs, a low knock on the door, and immediately after Hal Dana entered the room.

"Bel, child, what is the matter with you? What have you been doing?"

"Oh, Harry"—and she turned her pale face down to the pillow—"I am so wretched! you don't know."

"No, to be sure I don't know; and it's just for the express purpose of finding out that I am here; and I want you to tell me instantly all about it. There's Cleve Terry down stairs deserves a strait-jacket—walking up and down incessantly, refusing to eat or to sleep, and is making a fool of himself generally; and as for Fred, something's wrong with him, too—he sits with his hands thrust into his pockets, and glares at Cleve like a wild beast, and never speaks; and if you'll believe it, actually refused a cigar not fifteen minutes ago. Now, you may rest assured, something's up with him, and it must be something *awful*! It's a good thing the Lenoxes have taken the girls off; they'd have a precious time here with things in this state. Mother's snivelling in the back kitchen, and father's stared at the *Christian Observer* for two long hours, and it's bottom side up all the while. Heavens and earth, it's enough to make a man go distracted!"

"Harry, dear, don't be cross to me. I am so miserable."

"Well, child, what makes you so? what's the fuss?" And Hal drew his chair up to his sister's sofa. "Tell me all about it, Bel; that's a good girl; I'm not going to be cross, not at all."

After many tears and breakings down, it was told at last, told between sobs and Harry's ramping up and down the chamber like a caged lion, and denying all the while that he wasn't as cool as an icicle—told in a voice choking with tears, but told wholly without the slightest concealment—and Bel felt better.

"Now I'll tell you what must be done." This was said emphatically, and the tear-stained face looked anxiously up. "Bel, you must tell Cleve Terry this story from beginning to end."

"O Harry, dear Harry! I cannot; anything but that"—and she buried her head in the pillows.

"Then you are no sister of mine, Bel Dana. Am I to have two of my dearest friends made fools of just for your silly caprice? No, Bel, in justice to yourself do this; it's the only honorable way; you must know, child, this is no light matter. Look at Cleve Terry's face to-day, and tell me then if you think it child's play. Oh, Bel, would to Heaven you had never done this!"

A stifled groan was his only answer.

"I don't say that Fred hasn't done wrong, too, Bel; but you ought to know him by this time. Why, little sister, he has loved you as man loves but once in a lifetime. Years ago, Bel, when you were sick, and we all thought you were going to die, he loved you then, and what do you think it must be, living on till now? Oh, Bel, you had nearly cast away a priceless treasure, a loving heart!"

Another little groan and shiver was his answer.

"Come, Bel, don't lie there and cry; make yourself ready, and come down. I will go and tell Cleve that you wish to speak with him in the parlor. Come; I will give you twenty minutes."

"I cannot; never, never. Oh, Harry, will nothing else do?"

"Nothing, my dear sister; your lips have deceived him, and they must undeceive. Think of *him*, Bell, if he loves you, and I am afraid he does—what will *this* be to him. Coming even from *your lips* it will be wretchedness, and from any other's it would be an insult as well. Come, don't be selfish; poor child, I am sorry for you;" and Harry Dana put his arms around his sister, and kissed her flushed cheeks, and went out, leaving her alone.

Half an hour after a little trembling figure crept stealthily into the parlor, in the gray twilight, with eyes swollen with tears, and a face as white as her dress.

"Did you wish to speak to me, Bel?" and Cleve Terry came forward to meet her. "Are you better, Bel?" he asked, tenderly, seating her on a couch by the window.

It took a long time to answer, and a longer time still to tell him why she came to him; but it was all over at last; and all the bright hopes that had buoyed him up in this new found world of bliss went drifting slowly away, and he was again afloat in the old ocean of loneliness, now darker and drearier than ever.

"And are you sure you love him now, Bel?" he asked, at length, thinking of Fred.

"Yes, I love him. I have loved him ever since I was a little child." She said it softly and low. "But I did not know how much until I promised to love you, and then, looking into my own heart, I saw how utterly and basely I had wronged you, and so—and so I came to see how much I loved him."

"And he loves you? God bless you both, good-by;" and before Bel Dana could realize it, a swift kiss had descended upon her upturned forehead, and her hands had been clasped in his, and then she was alone.

The room was quite dark now, only the pale moonlight lay without soft and still. Presently a footstep sounded at the door, and soon after, a gentle voice whispered—"Forgive me, darling; I had not dreamed that I *could* lose you." Surely Bell Dana's hate was not very desperate, sitting there in the cool stillness of the summer's night, listening to words spoken so low that not even the light-winged zephyr, floating in through the vine-draped window, could catch the faintest whisper.

This beautiful summer finds a gay party with Fred Leighton and his wife enjoying the cool breezes at the old farm.

Cleve Terry lives abroad; Harry and Rose saw him often on their wedding-tour, and hint of a "dark-eyed ladie" that he will probably bring home with him when he comes.

The flowers in Bel Leighton's Eden are all fresh and fragrant to-day. No glittering temptation woos her from the beautiful path where she walks uprightly, no reaching forth to grasp at fancied pleasure that fades while yet your hands are clasping it, for she learned long years ago, that "the trail of the serpent was over it all!"

WANTS AND WISHES.

"MAN wants but little here below," is a somewhat vague and indefinite expression. For who can determine the exact limits of man's needs, or fix a boundary to his requirements?

It is not what are termed the bare necessities of life, the plain food and simple raiment, which can in all cases be designated as wants, and everything beyond as superfluities.

The same things which in one state of society assume the nature of superfluities will

become real needs in another. It was remarked by Sydney Smith that all degrees of nations begin by living in pig-sties. "The king or the priest first gets out of them, then the noble, then the pauper; in proportion as each class becomes more opulent. Better tastes arise from better circumstances, and the luxury of one period is the wretchedness of another."

We are accustomed to designate as comforts many of those luxuries and elegancies of life which long usage has rendered so familiar, that to be deprived of such would be felt as hardships.

The mind becomes so familiarized with the surroundings of daily existence, that the very objects which at first seem magnificent and luxurious will gradually, and by constant association, form a part of our ordinary requirements, and be sought for as such. If a dozen persons were asked to give an example of a luxury, it is more than probable that at least eleven out of the twelve would bring forward something, the enjoyment or use of which they seldom or ever experience. Thus individual habits and social customs are amongst the most authoritative dictators as to what we must have, and what we can do without. And it is a common and true remark that if we do not accustom ourselves to the use of such and such things, we shall never feel the want of them, if we are deprived of them.

Life is a season of anticipation; full of hopes, expectations, and desires. There are few whose thoughts are so completely absorbed in the time being, the occupations and events of the passing hour, as to be quite free from all speculations as to the future. None can be said to live strictly in the present; all are more or less prone to indulge in schemes for future carrying out, to planning for the time to come, as best suits their ideas of happiness. Thought, reason, the reflective faculties, while they lead us in a retrospective direction, alike encourage a prospective range of fancy. To rise above mere animal instinct, to aspire to something beyond mere animal enjoyments, is both the privilege and nature of the human mind and understanding, and in proportion to the degree of culture which the mental organization is brought to sustain, so will these aspirations ascend in the intellectual scale. "It is only a barbarous and ignorant people," says Sydney Smith, "that can ever be occupied by the necessities of life alone."

Thus it is that civilization produces wants which savage life cannot even anticipate; and when we read or hear of the aborigines of any country we intuitively form an opinion how far they are removed from barbarism according to the knowledge we have of their acquaintance with the arts and conveniences of civilized life. The improvements, inventions, and discoveries ever going on in a highly civilized state not only increase the number, but materially alter the character of what is considered as the requirements of the age. There is a passage in Lord Macaulay's "William and Mary" very significant, as illustrating the different estimation in which the same qualification, or rather the absence of a qualification is held at different periods, or in various stages of society.

In alluding to the two antagonistic commanders of the battle of Landen, the great historian says: "Never perhaps was the change which the progress of civilization has produced in the art of war more strikingly illustrated than on that day. At Landen two poor sickly beings, who in a rude state of society would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combat, were the souls of two great armies. In some heathen countries they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom, they would six hundred years earlier have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind."

Yet none will regard this triumph of the mental over the physical as owing solely to the intrinsic value of the former, but to its adaptation to existing circumstances. When bodily vigor was in the ascendant, it was peculiarly fitted for the exigencies of the mode of warfare then existing; then the force of the human arm was indispensable in wielding the huge weapons of warfare, which had not yet given place to the firearms of modern times, and for which something besides simple muscular strength is necessary to their successful using.

As in the art of war, so also in every other department of human affairs, progress everywhere brings about an alteration in the requirements of the age.

Progress, which is the gradual advancement step by step towards the summit of perfection, tramples under feet as useless many qualifi-

cations formerly deemed of high value, while it picks up others, and by the aid of inventions and discoveries transforms their nature, or rather alters their appearance, so as to assume a different style of character and feature; for progressive advancement is an improvement on a former or existing system; inventions and discoveries being agents in carrying on the work.

Thus the character and extent of the wants of any period are regulated and determined by those surrounding circumstances over which mankind in an individual capacity can have no control. And it is remarkable how readily individual tastes and inclinations will assimilate with prevailing customs, and become naturalized to habits most alien.

But it would be a great mistake to consider the gratification of every individual inclination as necessary indulgence, or, in other words, to fix the standard of our wants by our wishes. Between the two there is a great distinction, for there are many people who in reality want for nothing, and have enough and to spare; who if their wishes were to be taken as requirements would be in want of many things; while others less favored by fortune and circumstances evince the utmost satisfaction with their condition, and remain content with such things as they have, seeing it is out of their power to procure more or better. Does it require a moment's consideration to determine which of the two states of feeling is the most happy and desirable?

"If you would have your desires always effectual, place them on things which are in your power to obtain," was the advice of one of the ancient philosophers. And this is the way to regulate our wishes according to our wants.

MY THEME.

BY HENRY ASTEN.

My theme was Love, still new, though old as Time,
And with the royal word I crowned the page,
But then the dainty and coquettish rhyme
Would not be caught, and so I in a rage
Threw down my pen. When like a mother's kiss
Upon my brow her gentle hand did rest,
And these her words: "Your theme is not amiss;
I'd only hint how it should be expressed,
To bring you golden fame. The only way
The seeds of immortality to give it,
Is not to sing (let those do that who may),
But live your poem, darling; try to live it!"

CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.*

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

LORD EASYGOING, *an old man, childish and hen-pecked.*

LADY DISDAIN, *his wife.*

CHARLOTTE, } LADY DISDAIN'S daughters.
ANNABELLE, }

CINDERELLA, LORD EASYGOING'S daughter.

PRINCE AMOUR.

FANTASIA, CINDERELLA'S fairy god-mother.

BULLY TIN, *the PRINCE'S herald.*

KING, QUEEN, and COURTIERS.

Costumes.

LORD EASYGOING. *Scene 1st.* White wig and beard, dressing-gown, slippers, and velvet cap, cane and snuffbox. *Scenes 2d, 3d, and 4th.* Black velvet suit.

LADY DISDAIN, dress of gay silk with a long train, satin petticoat, powdered hair and feathers.

CHARLOTTE. *Scene 1st.* A dress of rich blue silk, white satin petticoat, and lace kerchief over the head. *Scene 2d and 3d.* Ball-dress of white tarlatan over pink silk, trimmed with roses, train of white spangled jewels and flowers in the hair. *Scene 4th* same as *Scene 1st.*

ANNABELLE. *Scene 1st.* Dress of yellow silk over a white silk petticoat, lace kerchief over the head. *Scene 2d and 3d.* Crimson velvet dress and train over white satin skirt. Hair dressed with jewels and flowers. *Scene 4th* same as *1st.*

CINDERELLA. A long, loose dress of gray cotton, made to fall straight and full over the whole figure, high in the neck with long sleeves; patches and darns of every shape, size, and color all over the dress. Hair covered with a faded cotton kerchief (this dress must be made to completely cover the figure, as for rapid change the ball-dress must be worn under it; by fastening it with one button on a band at the throat, it will fall off instantly when unbuttoned). *Scene 2d.* Same as *1st* until transformation, then, ball-dress of white

lace over white silk, richly spangled and trimmed; train of spangled white lace; hair dressed with white flowers and pearls; slippers of white satin, thickly covered with transparent glass beads. *Scene 3d.* Ball-dress. Long veil of white lace thrown over face and head, and falling over the figure. Under the veil a small coronet of pearls. *Scene 4th* same as *1st* and *2d.*

PRINCE AMOUR. Dress of blue velvet, slashed with white satin and trimmed with silver. White lace collar and cravat. White silk stockings, blue velvet slippers with lace and silver bows. Cap of blue velvet with white feather and silver clasp.

FANTASIA. Dress of dark blue stuff; scarlet cloak with hood; high-heeled shoes with large buckles; clocked stockings; white cap and crutch.

BULLY TIN. Dress of scarlet and white; high boots with gold tassels, scarlet cap with white feather, horn with scarlet hangings and ribbons.

KING, QUEEN, and COURTIERS in rich, old-fashioned dresses, trains, feathers, powder, and large fans.

SCENE I. *Dressing-room of LADY DISDAIN. A table in centre of room supports a mirror, pin-cushion, and a lot of finery, flowers, gloves, ribbons, fans, and jewels. Upon the sofa and chairs are thrown shawls and dresses of gay colors. Curtain rises discovering CINDERELLA arranging the room.*

Cin. (yawning). My sisters are just up; but I feel as if it was time to go to bed. Oh, how tired I am! I have been hard at work since the first peep of dawn; yet not half my day's labor is finished. I've swept, dusted, and scoured, washed, ironed, and baked, made fires and sifted cinders enough to earn the name my sisters give me. Two little years to-day since my own dear mother died! Two years only since I was the pet and darling of this house, wore fine dresses, had my own maid to wait upon me, slept on a down bed under silk quilts, feasted upon pastry and bonbons, and now, rags and a crust are all that poor Cinderella may have. Heighho! Everybody is out (*sits down*); my step-mother and sisters have gone to buy blue satin for a new petticoat for Charlotte (*lays her head down on table*), and I—I—(*yawning*), am so tired—and—sleepy. I (*closes her eyes*) think—I'll take a nap. (*Sleeps.*)

* The love for private theatricals, charades, and proverbs being this winter the ruling power in almost every social gathering, it seems to us but fair that the little folks should have the opportunity to try their talents and amuse their friends. The usual performances are voted stupid by more than one-half the juveniles, who want to cut out all the long speeches and reduce the four-syllabled words to more moderate dimensions. We are sure, then, that the parties for whom the present series of little dramas were written, will greet their old friends, Cinderella & Co., with a warm welcome. The school-room, parlor, or nursery may be turned into a theatre, and older folks must submit to have their finery reduced by busy little fingers till royal robes and ball dresses fit little forms. The speeches are not too long for quick little brains to master, and we are certain that such old and dear friends as the book of fairy tales offers will never have any trouble in finding a personator in the juvenile department. Hoping that the present season's demand will give her efforts a welcome, the author hazards the first of her "Fairy Tale Dramas."

Enter FANTASIA, in a rage.

Fan. Here's a pretty mess, upon my word. After working for five hundred years without any rest to try and get my realms in perfect order, I can't turn in for a little nap of a couple of years without the whole of my special charge being upset. Now in this one family, where my pretty darling god-child lives, what a revolution they have made here. My Lord Easygoing must get him a new wife, with two fine daughters, and these three vixens make a slave of my pet! If this is the way things go on when I take a nap, I'll never sleep another wink! I'll not return to fairy land till there is some change for the better! Ha! whom have we here? the kitchen maid! (*Peeps into Cinderella's face.*) No! my god-child, as I live, and fast asleep. What a disgusting dress! So my pretty messenger from fairy land told me no lies! Oh, my fine Lady Disdain, you've heated a pretty kettle of hot water here, and I'll see that you get your full share upon your own head. Where is Lord Easygoing? I'll find him and see what he has got to say for himself.

[*Exit FANTASIA.*]

Enter LADY DISDAIN, CHARLOTTE, and ANNA-BELLE.

Lady D. Was it not lucky we heard the news of Prince Amour's ball here, at the very gate? We might have been out when the herald came; but now—

Char. We can discuss our dress and jewels.

Anna. And try what color suits us best by night.

Lady D. (*seeing CINDERELLA.*) Heyday! A lazy idler! (*Shakes her.*) Wake up! A pretty time of day for napping!

Cin. (*rubbing her eyes.*) Are you back already?

Char. So this is the way you mind your work when we are out? Pray, since you have so much time to sleep, are all your tasks accomplished? My laces washed?

Anna. My slippers trimmed?

Lady D. The dinner cooked?

Char. The pastry baked?

Anna. My ribbons scoured?

Lady D. The beds all made?

Char. The rooms in order?

Anna. The floors all swept?

Cin. (*running from one to the other.*) O pray forgive me! all shall yet be done.

Char. (*pushing her.*) Go, then, and do it!

Anna. (*striking her.*) Don't be idling here!

Lady D. (*shaking her.*) And no more sleeping in the daytime, Miss! (*They all push her about, and strike her.* Loud knocking.)

Char. Go to the gate, and see who knocks so loudly. [*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

Lady D. No doubt it is Prince Amour's herald!

Anna. Come to invite us to the ball.

Char. O how delightful!

Enter CINDERELLA.

Cin. A herald from the court of Prince Amour, who asks to see the ladies.

Char. Show him up. [*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

Anna. I'm all impatience till the happy night.

Enter CINDERELLA and the Herald, BULLY TIN.

Bully Tin (*bowing.*) Fair ladies, Prince Amour designs to give a ball to-morrow night, and begs that you will grace it by your presence.

Lady D. Say to the Prince that we, with pleasure, will obey his summons.

[*Exit BULLY TIN.*]

Char. To-morrow night! We have but little time to give to any thought but dress, before the hour. I shall wear white over pink; it suits my hair and eyes.

Anna. And I my crimson velvet over white satin. My diamonds, too, shall do honor to this great occasion, for—in solemn secrecy—they say the Prince will make this the excuse for bringing all the beauties of his realm before him, that from the fair assembly he may choose a bride. (*Sweeps up the room.*) No one yet can say what lovely girl will be his choice!

Char. (*aside.*) Conceited piece! As if my chance were not as good as hers; brunettes are always more attractive than these insipid blondes.

Lady D. The carriage is still waiting; shall we go now to select the dresses for to-morrow?

Char. At once!

Anna. Without delay!

Lady D. And for you, Miss, see that when we return we do not catch you napping.

[*Exeunt LADY DISDAIN, CHARLOTTE, and ANNABELLE.*]

Cin. And I am not invited. Yet I am Lord Easygoing's only child, and they are but—Tut! tut! what am I saying? Am I becoming envious and spiteful, grudging my sisters

pleasure because I do not share it? I trust not!

Enter LORD EASYGOING.

Lord E. Where's my bird?

Cin. (cheerfully). Here I am, papa.

Lord E. (aside). Fantasia says I'm an old fool; but I guess if she had my Lady Disdain to deal with she'd find submission was the only course for peace.

Cin. Why what a long face, papa!

Lord E. Why, yes; bring me a chair, dear. *(Sits down.)* Your godmamma has been here, dear.

Cin. What, the darling little old woman who used to come to see mamma?

Lord E. Yes, my dear; she says you are ill treated, my love. *(Crying.)*

Cin. (coaxingly). And has she been teasing you?

Lord E. (sobbing). I'm sure, my dear, your stepmother won't let me interfere.

Cin. There, dear, don't cry! Some of these days you and I will run off to a place where the beds make themselves, and joints come from market ready cooked.

Lord E. (brightly). So we will!

Cin. There, you sit still, and I will go find you a cake or piece of pie.

[Exit CINDERELLA.]

Lord E. I am sure Fantasia must be mistaken about her being unhappy. Pretty birdie! Anyhow there's no use in trying to do anything my Lady Disdain forbids, and she rules this house completely. I can't out-scold, out-fight, out-argue, or outdo her; so I just go along as easy as I can.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE II, same as SCENE I.—*Curtain rises, discovering CHARLOTTE and ANNABELLE dressing for the ball. CHARLOTTE stands in front of mirror arranging her headdress; ANNABELLE walks up and down admiring her dress; LADY DISDAIN seated upon a sofa in background; CINDERELLA, kneeling, arranges CHARLOTTE'S train; LORD EASYGOING in an armchair by the fire.*

Lady D. A little more to the right, Cinderella! So! that fold is perfect!

Cin. (rising). Now your train falls gracefully, sister.

Char. Indeed! With my figure it must be graceful.

Anna. I suppose the conceited little thing thinks it is all her taste.

Lord E. I am sure, Annabelle, it hung vilely before Ella touched it.

Lady D. (scornfully). Men are great judges, indeed.

Lord E. Well, my dear, I am sure I only said—

Lady D. I heard you. Cinderella, make Annabelle's feather droop a little more to the right.

Cin. (arranging feather). So?

Lord E. And then run and put on your own ball-dress. You are giving all your time to your sisters, and will never be ready yourself.

Cin. Oh, I am not to go!

Char. (scornfully). You go! A cinder-sifter in a ball-room.

Anna. The idea! *(Laughs.)* Fancy that figure in a palace.

Lord E. But I want her to go.

Lady D. She is not going. Say no more about it.

Lord E. But, my dear—

Lady D. Pray, sir, do you rule this house, or I? If I am not to have my own way about everything, I had better leave. Cinderella, see if the carriage waits. *[Exit CINDERELLA.]*

Lord E. Poor little birdie!

Lady D. I wish you would not put such ideas into the child's head. It does not suit me to have three daughters to take about, and Cinderella is content to stay at home, if you don't make her wish to go.

Enter CINDERELLA.

Cin. The carriage is at the door.

Lady D. Come, my dears. My lord, you must ride upon the box; you would crumple my darling's dresses inside.

[Exit LADY DISDAIN, CHARLOTTE, and ANNABELLE.]

Lord E. Good-night, my pet. I wish you were going.

Cin. (cheerfully). O never mind me, papa. I shall do very well, indeed. Good-night!

Lord E. (kissing her). Good-night, my pretty pet.

Lady D. (behind the scenes). Are you going to keep us waiting all night?

Lord E. I am coming, my dear. I am coming. *[Exit hastily.]*

Cin. What a fine time they will all have! Music, dancing—I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance *(tries a few steps and loses an old shoe)*. There, my shoe is off *(kicks off the other*

one); I can dance now! (*Sings a few notes, dancing to the tune.*) Ah, they will dance to grand music. Everybody will be gay there; and here (*weeping*) it is very dull. The Prince, too, they say, is so handsome and good. How I should like to see him! (*Sobbing.*) It is very hard—I never go anywhere!

Enter FANTASIA.

Fan. (aside). Alone, and in tears. Where is the cheerfulness her father talks about? (*Aloud.*) What is the matter, my pretty dear?

Cin. (starting up). My godmother!

Fan. Yes, my dear. No, you needn't kiss me, because I have just lunched on toad-stools, and they might disagree with you. What were you crying about?

Cin. (sobbing). I was—wishing—that—

Fan. That you might go to Prince Amour's ball? Was not that it?

Cin. Yes.

Fan. Well, why don't you go? Your father promised me to take you.

Cin. But Lady Disdain would not let me go.

Fan. Well, I intend you shall go. First, we must provide a coach. Go to the yard, and touch a pumpkin with my crutch, then touch the mouse-trap and the rat-trap; behind the watering-pot you'll find six lizards; these, too, you must rap smartly, then return here to me.

Cin. (taking the crutch). I fly to obey you.

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

Fan. What's this? The child's old shoes, as I'm a fairy (*puts them in her pocket*). So, my Lady Disdain won't let her go! We'll see whether she or I am the strongest.

Enter CINDERELLA.

Fan. Well, my dear, did you obey me?

Cin. O my dear godmother! never was seen such a change. The pumpkin to a fine gilt coach is turned, the mice to horses, the rat to a driver, while the six lizards are most splendid footmen.

Fan. Well, my dear, why do you wait? Is not this such an equipage as you wish to take you to the ball?

Cin. Yes, dear godmother—but—but—must I go in this dress?

Fan. (touching her dress). Look in the mirror.

Cin. (shaking off the gray dress, which is pulled off the stage by a string). O what a lovely dress! (*Takes the kerchief off her head.*) And my hair all arranged—thank you a thousand times.

Fan. Go now, then.

Cin. (hesitating). I—I—have lost my shoes.

Fan. (taking the glass slippers from her pocket). Why these too have touched the crutch. Put them on, my dear, and then away.

Cin. (putting on slippers). How charmingly they fit me!

Fan. And as they are fairy shoes, they will fit no one else. Now, my dear, listen to me. You must leave the ball before midnight! Remember! If you are there but one minute after the clock strikes twelve, your gay dress will become rags, your coach a pumpkin, your horses mice, your driver a rat, and your footmen lizards. Will you be careful?

Cin. I will return in time.

Fan. Go, then! Good-night! Remember, twelve o'clock. [*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

Fan. Now for the palace. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Ball-room in PRINCE AMOUR'S palace.*

Upon a raised throne, in centre of background, are seated the KING and QUEEN. COURTIERs are standing round them; others walking about the room. PRINCE AMOUR standing near right of foreground.

Prince A. Choose a wife from these fair ladies of my father's kingdom? Such are the royal commands to me this morning, but as yet I have seen none to please my taste. They say the daughters of my Lady Disdain are beautiful (*musingly*). Perhaps—I—well, well, choose I must to-night, and the kind fairies guide me to a good selection!

Enter BULLY TIN.

Prince A. Another arrival! The palace bids fair to be crowded.

Bully Tin. Lord Easygoing, Lady Disdain, and the Ladies Charlotte and Annabelle.

Prince A. Ah, the rival belles!

Enter LORD EASYGOING, LADY DISDAIN, CHARLOTTE, and ANNABELLE.

Prince A. (aside). What overdressed, conceited-looking girls!

(*LORD EASYGOING and party advance to the throne and make a deep reverence, which the KING and QUEEN return.*)

Prince A. (advancing to them). We thank you, sir, that you allow our court to be delighted by the presence of so much grace and beauty (*offers his hand to CHARLOTTE*); permit me to find you a partner for the dance (*intro-*

duces her to one of the courtiers, who walks with her).

Anna. (aside). How handsome and graceful! He has found Charlotte another partner; surely he intends himself to dance with me.

Enter BULLY TIN.

Bully Tin (bowing to PRINCE AMOUR). Most gracious Prince!

Prince A. I listen, my good herald. What weighty news sits now upon your brow?

Bully Tin. An unknown princess has driven into the court. Her coach of finest gold glitters with jewels; six footmen stand erect behind; while six gray horses of the rarest breed prance on before. She sends word that, passing through the country, she has heard of your festivities, and asks the privilege of joining you.

Prince A. I will, myself, bid her alight.

[Exit, preceded by BULLY TIN, who walks backward, bowing.]

Anna. Rude fellow! Papa, do you know no one here?

Lord E. Why, yes, my love. *(Introduces ANNABELLE to one of the courtiers, then returns and seats himself and LADY DISDAIN.)*

Lady D. (discontentedly). Prince Amour is not too polite to my dear daughters.

Enter PRINCE AMOUR, leading in CINDERELLA, veiled.

Prince A. Before you greet my royal parents, permit me to remove this envious veil, which hides the charms I burn to see revealed. *(Removes the veil, handing it to one of the courtiers.)*

Cin. You honor my poor self too highly.

Prince A. (bowing low). Such charms cannot be too much honored. Allow me, fair princess, to lead you to the throne. *(They advance to the throne, CINDERELLA kneels, the King rises.)*

Prince A. A foreign princess, sire, who craves permission to greet your majesty.

King (extending his hand). We would extend our most cordial welcome to such loveliness.

Cin. (kissing the KING's hand). I thank your majesty for so much graciousness.

King (raising her). Our Queen would bid you welcome.

Queen (giving her hand to CINDERELLA, who kisses it). It is our thanks which are due, that you have deigned to honor us. Our son will show our pleasure. Amour, we charge you that our fair guest suffers from no neglect.

Prince A. Madam, it shall be my delightful task to do the honors of the palace. What ho! Music there! We would dance. *(Leads CINDERELLA to the floor. ANNABELLE and partner, CHARLOTTE and partner, and another couple from the courtiers form a quadrille set, and dance any cotillon. The following dialogue should be carried on during the dance, or by those dancing, in the pauses.)*

Lord E. My dear, my dear, this princess—

Lady D. Did you ever see such pearls?

Lord E. But, my dear, she—don't you see it?—she is the very picture of our Ella.

Lady D. (contemptuously). The picture of your Ella! Ha! ha! what an absurd idea! Compare a cinder wench to this radiant creature!

Lord E. But, my love, the eyes, the smile—look at her now.

Lady D. I see her plainly. You must be purblind. Like Cinderella indeed!

Anna. (to partner). I never saw such lace. Who can she be?

Char. (to partner). How gracefully the princess moves!

Prince A. How has it happened that such loveliness could exist, and I so wretched as to remain so long in ignorance of it.!

Cin. My realms are far removed from yours, my prince. Where I live your foot has never trodden, my subjects are out of your knowledge, and my daily scenes beyond your imagination.

Prince A. And may I not hope that at some future time you will extend the hospitality of your domain to your unworthy slave?

Cin. Nay, my prince, you would scarcely deign to visit so poor a realm as mine. *(The dance ceases.)*

Prince A. Let me lead you to a seat and find you refreshment. *(Leads her to a seat, and exit.)*

Cin. (to ANNABELLE and CHARLOTTE). Will you not share my seat?

Anna. You honor us too highly. *(Sits down.)*

Char. (aside). I am dying with envy. *(Sits down.)*

Enter PRINCE AMOUR with a plate of sweetmeats, which he holds, kneeling, before CINDERELLA. The courtiers waltz in the room during the following dialogue.

Cin. You will allow me, Prince, to share your favors. *(Offers sweetmeats to ANNABELLE and CHARLOTTE.)*

Prince A. If you will touch your ruby lips to one, you honor me.

Cin. You have a fair assemblage here. Pray tell me, as a stranger, what occasion 'tis they honor.

Prince A. My birthday, fairest princess, on which, having seen your face, I first begin to live.

Courtier (to ANNABELLE). Will you honor me, fair lady? (*They waltz.*)

Cin. Your birthday? And I, unfortunate, have brought no offering.

Prince A. One flower from the knot upon your bosom.

Courtier (to CHARLOTTE). Fair lady, may I dare to hope that you will waltz with me? (*They waltz.*)

Cin. (giving flower). If so poor an offering may dare to hope for your acceptance—

Prince A. (kissing the flower). It shall never leave my heart! (*Fastens it to his breast.*) If you are not fatigued, will you allow me to lead you to the dance?

(*They waltz. After a few turns a clock strikes twelve. At the first stroke Cinderella stops dancing to listen; at the last she rushes hastily from the room. All the courtiers rise; the music ceases.*)

Prince A. Gone, my love, my princess! What ho! without there! Let no one pass. Send me a herald.

Enter BULLY TIN.

Bully Tin. I am here, my prince.

Prince A. Fly like the wind and bid the guards arrest the princess's coach—or no, that were discourteous! Follow it, my herald. Take the fleetest horse now in the royal stable, and follow the carriage. [*Exit BULLY TIN.*]

King (coming forward). You have other guests, my son.

Prince A. I care not now! My star, my love.

(*The guests one after another bow and retire.*)

Lord E. Come, my love. Annabelle, Charlotte, come. (*LADY D. and party retire.*)

Enter BULLY TIN.

Prince A. What news? Speak quickly! She has returned!

Bully Tin. The guards, my prince, declare that no one has passed the gates but a dirty little kitchen girl. We searched the courtyard, but found only an immense pumpkin and

this! (*Kneels and hands PRINCE AMOUR one of CINDERELLA's slippers.*)

Prince A. Gone! No word of parting! Oh, my fair love, this breaks my heart! (*Turns away sadly.*)

Queen. Doubtless, my son, this lovely stranger will return.

Prince A. Alas, I fear! I fear she is lost forever! (*Kissing the slipper.*) This little token is my sole comfort.

King. What a wee token! A fairy slipper! Surely there is not another such tiny foot in the world.

Prince A. Ha! What say you? This slender hope inspires me! My herald.

Bully Tin (advancing). Here, my prince.

Prince A. My faithful Bully Tin, hear the royal will. Throughout the length and breadth of this our realm, send forth your messengers this proclamation to announce. Whomsoever this slipper fits, Prince Amour weds! This night I was to select my bride, and thus I do it. (*Places the slipper upon a table.*) Hasten, good Bully Tin, that ere the morrow dawn our subjects know our resolution!

[*Exit BULLY TIN.*]

King. My son, suppose some peasant girl should chance to have a pretty foot?

Queen. That is a charming prospect!

Prince A. I must keep my word. The kind fairies speed my errand!

[*Exit KING and QUEEN.*]

Prince A. (gazing sadly at slipper). She will see the proclamation, read my love! She will return! If not, it matters little who is made my bride, for, broken-hearted, Prince Amour will die!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV. *Same as Scene 3d. Curtain rises discovering the stage as opening of Scene 3d. A large chair stands centre of stage, facing audience. PRINCE AMOUR leans sadly on the back of it, while one after another the ladies try on the slipper. BULLY TIN, kneeling, puts it upon each; but all rise, disappointed.*

Enter FANTASIA.

Fan. (aside, coming forward). I begin to think my little plot is coming to a close, and my god-child will meet the reward of her patient suffering. I bade her come here to-day, and if I mistake not her lady stepmother and haughty sisters are already on the way. How sad my prince looks! (*Advancing to chair.*) Let me try!

Bully Tin. You old hag! 'Tis but the young and fair who try their fate here.

Fan. The proclamation is not worded so. *(Strikes his arm with her crutch.)*

Bully Tin. Oh, the old hag! she has broken my arm.

Prince A. And if she had, it would have been most just. *(Sternly.)* How dare you, sir, insult old age within my realm? Let the lady try. Madam, allow me to hand you to the chair. *(Bows, and hands FANTASIA to the seat.)*

Fan. *(aside to PRINCE AMOUR.)* Courage, my prince! I am not what I seem, and by a fairy power predict that all your dearest wishes shall be crowned. Nay! I will follow Bully Tin's advice, and leave the slipper to younger feet. *(Mixes with the crowd who have tried the slipper.)*

Enter LADY DISDAIN, ANNABELLE, and CHARLOTTE.

Lady D. *(courtesying low to PRINCE AMOUR.)* My daughters, sir, would try their fate. *(ANNABELLE goes to the chair, tries on slipper, and rises.)*

Char. *(aside.)* I'll pull it on, if I pull it all to pieces. *(Goes to chair and makes desperate efforts to put on the slipper but fails, and rises.)*

Fan. *(aside to PRINCE AMOUR.)* Ask her why her other daughter does not come.

Prince A. She has no other.

Fan. Ay, but her husband has. Trust to me, Prince!

Prince A. I will! *(To LADY DISDAIN.)* Madam, your other daughter will surely deign to honor us by a trial.

Lady D. A mere child, prince—not worthy to—*(aside)* what shall I say?

Prince A. You will allow me to insist. Bully Tin, dispatch a herald to Lord Easygoing's, and say Prince Amour requests his daughter to appear before him.

[Exit BULLY TIN.]

Lady D. *(aside.)* Confusion. They will discover how she is treated! I shall be the laughing stock of the land.

Char. *(to ANNABELLE.)* What can he want of our cinder sifter?

Anna. Oh how did he ever hear of her?

Enter BULLY TIN.

Bully Tin. Lord Easygoing and his daughter wait without.

Prince A. Show them in. *[Exit BULLY TIN;*

re-entering, conducting LORD EASYGOING and CINDERELLA, who wears a large cloak over her dusty dress, the hood drawn up over her head. She wears no shoes.)

Prince A. *(to FANTASIA.)* You mock me! This little kitchen girl can never wear that fairy slipper.

Fan. Let her try.

(CINDERELLA sits down, puts on the slipper, and drawing the other one from under her cloak, slips that on too.)

All. It fits. Hail to Prince Amour's bride! *(Laugh mockingly.)*

Prince A. *(fiercely.)* This is *your* work!

Fan. Patience awhile, my prince. Little one, come here.

CINDERELLA advances timidly.

Lady D. I am choking with rage!

Char. I shall die of spite!

Anna. Oh, I shall never survive this mortification!

Fan. *(taking CINDERELLA's hand.)* My Prince! I give your bride to you richly dowered. A meek, patient spirit, humility, modesty, and grace she bears to you. My realms afford a dowry that an emperor could not bring, and *(touching the cloak and dress, which fall and are dragged away as in Scene 2d)* to your love I trust for her happiness.

All. The foreign princess!

Prince A. *(kneeling.)* Dare I believe such ecstasy is mine?

Fan. The odious nickname she has borne shall be her pride now, for every cinder that her hand has touched shall be returned here a glowing diamond, and Princess Cinderella shall become a name known in all ages.

(PRINCE AMOUR leads CINDERELLA to the KING and QUEEN, who greet her kindly.)

Lord E. I said she looked like our Ella!

Lady D. Hold your tongue, you fool!

Fan. Having rewarded, it is now my task to punish, Lady Disdain and you, Charlotte and Annabelle.

Cin. *(coming hastily forward.)* No! for my sake, dear godmother, forgive them!

Fan. *(grumbling.)* For your sake it is I punish them.

Cin. Plead with me, my Prince. *(They kneel to FANTASIA.)*

Fan. Well, for your sakes, then, they are forgiven.

Char. and Anna. *(to CINDERELLA as she rises.)* Can you, sister, forgive us?

Cin. (kissing them). With all my heart.

Prince A. Roll the chair back, Bully Tin,
and bid the band strike up a waltz. We'll
show our gladness by festivities!

*(The music begins, and all select partners and
waltz; LORD EASYGOING and FANTASIA dancing
together in a corner.)* [Curtain falls.

ASPHODEL FLOWERS.

BY MINNIE WILLIS BANES.

ONCE I had a little brother,
Crowned with ringlets, brown and soft,
And his eyes were like the nightshade
Poets tell us of so oft—
Pale and blue, with golden flashes
Shining from their depths serene—
Now, he sleepeth 'neath the cypress,
Rosemary his clasp within.
Oh, I loved my little brother,
Fondly cherished him and well,
But upon his grave I planted
Only flowers of Asphodel.

Once I had a hope that blossomed
From the wreck of joys decayed,
And the brightness of its beauty
Then I thought would never fade.
Lived I in its glad some visions—
Soft and dreamy grew my eyes,
But upon the rocks 'twas stranded,
Sank there never more to rise.
On a tablet white is graven:
"In Memoriam!" Farewell,
Oh my hope, that sank, in shadows,
To the land of Asphodel.

Once I had a friend whose presence
Charmed away the darkest care,
For her voice was soft and gentle,
Silver-mingled was her hair;
And her heart was calm and peaceful
As a sleeping, moonlit lake;
And she talked to me of Jesus—
He who suffered for my sake;
While her voice grew low and tender,
And her fingers, o'er my hair,
Wandered with caressing motion
Like the tropic summer air.

Now she walketh by the margin
Of a life—immortal stream,
Whose soft waves are glinted over
With a glorious, heavenly gleam.
But to me, who knew and loved her
In her mortal, earthly hours,
Sadder are Eolus' whispers,
And less beautiful the flowers,
Since she went away and left me
In her Saviour's courts to dwell,
And they laid her, one sad morning,
In the field of Asphodel.

Once I had an aspiration,
Which had caught the sunbeam's hue,
Wafted down by winged angels,
Fallen with the silver dew;

And I nursed the fire within it,
Fanned the tiny, living spark
Till it brightened all my bosom
And dispelled the clouds so dark.
With a hopeful heart I sent it
Up again to seek the heaven,
But the rude winds blew it earthward,
And for naught my care was given.

Once, I cherished, like "Maud Muller,"
A vague longing in my breast,
And the nameless aspiration
Filled me with a sweet unrest
Like a tangled thread of silver,
Or the stream of paradise
(When the trembling, golden shadows
On its bosom fall and rise)
Was the river—flow of longing
For a nobler, higher goal,
Winding, in its wayward progress,
Through the channels of my soul.

And the tropic-hearted summer,
With its music and its flowers,
With its passion and its moonlight,
With its rosy-tinted hours,
With its soft and misty mantle
'Round its burning bosom thrown,
Died amid the morning twilight
Of another season's dawn.
With the summer died my brother,
For my hope I then did weep,
And the friend who talked of Jesus
With its beauty fell asleep.

It was when the flowers were fading,
And the zephyrs colder grew,
That my brilliant aspirations
And my longings faded too.
All are buried with the summer
That the red leaves covered up,
And I tasted, then, the fennel
That embittered life's sweet cup.
But I know that, with the summer,
I shall find them all again,
For the autumn winds blow never
On eternity's bright plain.

LOVE.—This passion is, in honest minds,
the strongest incentive that can move the
soul of man to laudable accomplishment. Is
a man just? let him fall in love, and grow
generous. Is a man good-natured? let him
love, and grow public spirited. It immedi-
ately makes the good which is in him shine
forth in new excellencies, and the ill vanish
away without the pain of contrition, but with
a sudden amendment of heart.

SACRIFICES.—It is easy enough to make
sacrifices for those we love, but for our enemy
we have to struggle and overcome self. Such
a victory is noble.

—THE more we help others to bear their
burdens, the lighter our own will be.

JOHN STERNE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY CARROLL WEST.

EVERYBODY knew that John Sterne had had a disappointment. It accounted for anything, or everything, in his character and manner different from every-day men. Young ladies openly admired him; fearless, because he was so indifferent and apparently so blind to their admiration. Because he invariably refused invitations, his society was the more eagerly sought; because he seemed not to notice whether any were offended, none were offended. Whether social or silent, civil or cynical, for he was all by turns, he seemed equally charming; and his coldest, most reserved mood only brought out new allusions to that secret grief which cast such a halo of romance around his most ordinary deed. Nothing makes a young man more interesting, in the opinion of gentle-minded women, than that he is a sufferer provided always that that suffering be not caused by hunger, poverty, sickness, or any other commonplace adversity, but by love. Consequently, it was not strange that John Sterne was a hero in H—.

Any one would have told you, had you asked, that many years ago he was engaged to Minna Walton, a girl of unusual beauty, sprightly, witty, and bewitching, fitted both by intelligence and grace of manner to fill a higher position than that of an orphan dependent upon the reluctant bounty of a miserably tempered aunt. She had not a few admirers; but John Sterne, not then twenty years old, only starting in business, and so altogether different in temperament and manner from herself, proved the favorite. They were certainly engaged, and as certain it was that while he was gone to the far West to gain the wherewith to live upon, she suddenly returned from a visit in the city with diamonds on her taper fingers; and before the good people had recovered from that surprise, she added another by marrying, with great display of trousseau and bridal gifts, a Mr. Harding; wealthy—as all Southerners had the reputation of being at that day—which made it, of course, of not the slightest consequence that he was old, and his children nearly her own age.

She had not been gone to her plantation

two years, when John Sterne returned. He was eyed closely and curiously, pronounced changed, and variously commented upon. But whether he pleased the commenters altogether or not, he was in all eyes a man of note, since he was no longer working his own way in the world; but a man of leisure, retired from business with a fair share of wealth. He bought a small but tasteful country seat, where he resided alone for a few years. Then came a change. His stepmother—a widow at the time of her death—left to his care her two children, Philip, a lad of seventeen years, and Amy, not quite fifteen. So, occasionally, the fine house wore a look of life. The doors stood in the long summer vacations invitingly open; but, though merry laughter rang out, it seldom checked, in his monotonous walk to and fro on the long veranda, the sedate man whose thoughts seemed only on his cigar. Nor in the winter, though fires blazed and lights gleamed throughout the house, when the young people came home from college and seminary, did the steady light vanish from the small library where the bachelor-master sat until midnight. Kind he was invariably, and unwearied in his efforts to make these orphans happy and at home; and though they were aware that they were entirely dependent upon him for everything, they were truly so.

Yet it must be confessed that these vacations, which were such delight to them, were rather dreaded by John Sterne. They seemed to revive painful memories; and generally the midnight vigils in the quiet library were more hours of deep thought than his ordinary ones of study. Such they were on the eve of Thanksgiving. For the children—as he still called them, notwithstanding Philip was twenty now, and next summer would graduate, while Amy at Christmas would leave her boarding-school forever—were at home, having arrived that very evening, and being at this late hour sound asleep, their young heads filled with bright visions of the happy morrow.

He sat alone. An arm-chair, pulled before a fire on the hearth, held him in a lounging, yet not indolent position. One elbow leaned

on a small table covered with papers and books; between his fingers the inevitable cigar, gone out; his head thrown back against the chair, his eyes intent on the fire's flickering blaze, and a sad expression displacing the usual sternness of faultless lips. A disappointed man! And it was of this he was thinking.

Amy's half-earnest words as she bade him "Good-night," adding "To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and to-morrow Mara will come; but if she shouldn't, it would be the disappointment of my life," still rang in his ears. A girl friend, one of those proverbially fleeting friendships formed at school, be able to prove the disappointment of a life!

School-girl sentiment and school-girl exaggeration! Bah! and the haughty lips took a contemptuous curve. But here his thoughts ran in a graver and, therein, more charitable channel. Perhaps a school-girl disappointment was as real and deep in its way as his once had been. What more was he *then* than almost a school-boy, for all his nineteen years?

"Once had been!" Did he then acknowledge it no longer one? Yes, in the calmness of his forty years, he could see that great as his love had been, cruel as had been the blow which wounded and stifled it forever, deep as had been his anger, his pride, his loss of hope, these things were past. It had left its scars—what fierce battle does not? He could see them in the reserve, the undemonstrativeness, the lack of sympathy which people called coldness in him, because they could not understand it was grief, and pride hiding grief. But this was over. He was past such things—the folly of his life! And yet—yet the sweetest dream of his life!

And then memory carried him back to those early days. Again he walked with Minna to school, pleased at carrying her books, and better pleased that they were heavy for even him. Again they met in long twilight walks, and he told her of his deep true love, and trembled that he had dared kiss those tiny hands fluttering like little birds within his own. How he listened once more to her sweet responses, and blessed the blushes which made her even more lovely! Once more he stood upon the little bridge, watching her white dress and floating ringlets as she crossed the meadow, his heart filled with pure hope and firm resolve to prove himself worthy of

her, to be a *man*! earning respect as well as love for her dear sake. What days these were, in spite of depressing poverty daunting his young ambition; in spite of opposition from a mercenary aunt! He loved her, trusted her with the completeness of idolatry! And therein met his punishment! Memory grew stern as these pictures of the past were renewed.

They were engaged, solemnly, sacredly; 'twas so he considered an engagement of marriage. They might have to wait many years, but in the end they should belong to each other. "Never to any one else," he passionately exclaimed; and she re-echoed the vow of "Never." This made him bold and brave to start out, a mere youth, alone in a strange country, to make that wealth which was to be laid at her feet. This made him cheerful in bearing the heavy cross of separation from her. This made him calm and hopeful in their parting, and forgetful of his own suffering in soothing hers. She, wild with grief and tears, implored him to remain. "Think of my unhappiness with my aunt," she urged; "and then never to have any change from the dulness there. Other young girls go into the world, and I cannot." She had darling visions of shining in that world, as yet unknown. Her ambition centered in herself; his in her. Still, had she asked even more than a gay social world to play the belle in, John would have longed to possess the power of giving it her. He would have thought of little else, toiled for little else, till it was won.

"Dear Minna," he said, "if by my exertions you may reach the fulfilment of those hopes, you shall! Meanwhile we must wait, wait with patience until I win such means of supporting you as my wife, as will satisfy your aunt and make her consent to our marriage. Work will not be work with such an end in view. You know you may trust me; you know, come what may, I shall remain true! And you, Minna?"

She repeated her vows of constancy. Life, nor death, nor anything should shake her love and truth.

And so they parted. And he, upheld by thoughts of her love, miles away toiled early and late; no ambition but to be great for her sake, who loved greatness. Her letters were his solace; his dreams of her his recreation; all else was wearying labor. That he was successful in business was of little worth,

except that it brought the longed-for day of his marriage nearer. And while he gave himself no rest by day, his nights were spent in persevering study, that he might be fitted for the position his hoped-for wealth would give him.

While patience and time were changing the mulberry leaf into satin, making of the plain bashful youth a man of talent and cultivation, as great a change was being wrought in Minna. Time but increased her beauty, and with it increased that restless consciousness of it, which re-excited her ambition made her uneasy under her fate—poor herself, and engaged to a poor young man with neither fortune nor a name. It seemed to her, at times, quite useless that she was given beauty, if it were never to be seen, never to bring her the adulation she secretly envied the heroines of novels for receiving. Not that she did not love John Sterne. She did, wildly at times; and then again visions of what might have been had she only riches shook her affections, and her feeling towards him was one of condescension and self-sacrifice, instead of a love that looked upward to its object. Whether she confessed it to herself, she felt she was quite conferring a favor on John to love him, which the truest love never feels.

It was, perhaps, not singular, therefore, that in time her aunt's continued fretting at her for remaining a burden on her hands, "for the sake of a silly boy, who would soon forget her for some richer girl," should have its effect. Temptation came in her way in the form of a wealthy widower; and the few days of remorse that followed—after she had become his *fiancée*, and written John Sterne an impetuous farewell of mingled regret and excuses, to which she received not one word of reply—were soon ended by the new scenes of worldly delight, the jewels, and personal adornments she had coveted.

And he had never met her again, never even heard whether she lived. To him she was dead; a death so dark with lost hope and faith that for it there was no resurrection. Recalling all this, he rose, approached a desk, unlocked it, and was about opening a little velvet case therein, when his resolution faltered, his fingers nervously thrust back the picture and turned the key.

"I am weak," he said; "weak after all these years, if I dare not look at that face yet. I said I would when I had conquered all that

old feeling. I know it is conquered; and yet I hesitate to recall that Thanksgiving-eve so long ago, when she laid this miniature in my hand, by opening it now. No, I will not recall it; 'twas she cast a blight upon all future Thanksgivings for me, and I will not forget—I will not forgive the wrong she did me. Until I can do both, I will not open the miniature; let that end the matter!" And his cigar went impetuously in its unfinished state into the deadened ashes, and the library was deserted.

Thanksgiving morning came, bright, clear, cold, as it ought to be—as it is always intended in Connecticut it shall be. Ample were the preparations in Dinah's kitchen for this greatest of New England days; and when Amy, in her frequent running in and out, suggested one thing or another as "so delicious a desert," she met with a very decided opinion from the head of those regions that that was all very well for such places as New York and boarding-school, but wouldn't do there. "Guessed she knew a thing or two, and wa'n't goin' to spile Thanksgivin' by making up things for dinner Mr. John mightn't like."

"But John isn't company, and he ought to have what his company like!"

"I must do my duty, Miss Amy," said Spartan Dinah. "I never see Thanksgivin' yet, since your brother John was a young boy, and used to come where I lived with an old widow to see her niece—you see they were sort a' took with one another, though they was nothing more'n almost children then; well, I never see a Thanksgiving dinner without the four regular kinds of pies—mince-pie, one; apple-pie, two; pumpkin-pie, three; custard-pie"—

"But," interrupted Amy, dabbling her fingers in a dish of flour, "who was the niece? And is that why he will not go out, and is an old bachelor?"

"I can't say," with a wise shake of the head that contradicted her statement. "Only help ain't blind more'n their betters; and she married an awful rich old fellow, and some says as John Sterne was disapp'inted. 'Tain't for me to say, though!"

"Amy," said a quiet, unmoved voice, just within the kitchen door, "the bell is tolling for church. Put on your bonnet, for it is late; I have been waiting some time for you as it is!"

As she hastened away, vainly trying to brush off the flour scattered over her merino,

he turned to the confused Dinah: "I do not wish Amy to become acquainted with my early days, Dinah. I was not aware that you had ever lived with Miss Walton's aunt. I shall be obliged to you if you will forget, in this house, that you have ever done so."

Which high and mighty manner had exactly the contrary effect intended, for at the very first importunity for "the rest of the story about John," she told Amy and her girl-friend—with the exception that she withheld the names of all parties—everything she had ever known, through seeing or hearing, about John Sterne's disappointment.

Before noon the longed-for Mara actually arrived; Philip playing the attentive, as an escort should, by carrying her satchel, her shawl, and the novel which had beguiled the tiresome hours of railway travel.

Ecstatic expressions of delight at her arrival being exhausted, and a change of costume accomplished, the young girls left their snug apartment for the drawing-room, where everything looked cheerful and mindful of the day, from the crackling of the fire to Philip's animated face; everything except the countenance of the owner of all, as he sat on a sofa distant from the door apparently deep in the last *Atlantic*. That was dark and moody.

But a sudden change came over it, as his eyes fell upon the young stranger just entering with his sister. He was sorely perplexed. He had never met her, and yet she seemed so familiar to him; her very voice was well known. Where had he seen her? Yet she was not at all remarkable, so that having seen her once he should remember her again.

She was one of those child-like persons who ever look younger than they are. A face not really pretty, except in expression, though large blue eyes redeemed it from positive plainness, and clustering curls of a brown hue shaded and softened a complexion already fair. A figure round with plumpness, yet light and graceful. A little creature, as if born for petting; with a manner such a mixture of simplicity and sense, vivacity and earnestness as to be ever new, never wearying with sameness.

She attracted the *blasé* man of the world with her pure freshness of thought and feeling; and, unconsciously to himself, he was listening for her frankly uttered opinions, and soon had formed one of their party before the fire.

Dinner seemed almost an interruption, Thanksgiving, though it was; yet it too became a time of unusual merriment. John Sterne thought he was making an effort to be cheerful on account of the children, when, in fact, it was no effort, Mara having led him by gradual steps out of himself and into their interests.

He—this man indifferent to everything—actually let Thanksgiving midnight find him wondering what had made the day so short, and what amusements he could procure in addition to their own arrangements.

So passed many days—they happy in the pleasures he provided for them, and he happier than he had been in years in seeing their enjoyment. His quiet library was invaded at any and all times; where Amy, and even Philip, had entered with hesitation, Mara led the way fearlessly. Sometimes her errand, "I want paper or pens;" but oftener, of late, "I want you!" Philip and Amy forgot their former awe of their stern brother. They spoke of him as "old and queer;" but he was nearer than he ever had been. And he was forgetting the miniature that lay unopened in his desk.

It was the middle of December. Amy had gone to see a sick child at some distance, and Philip, who had grown fitful and restless of late, had gone off on a wild gallop on his horse. Mara, tired of the piano and books, tired of the steady snow which fell drearily, making the day gloomy, strangely out of spirits and humor with herself, was in the large hall trying the virtues of battledoor and shuttlecock. "Sixty, seventy, ninety, one, two, nearly a hundred," when the pretty plaything struck against the library door, and in a moment it was opened by the smiling occupant.

"I was so tired," she said, "and had nothing to do! Did I disturb you? I am sorry! I did not remember that Amy has said you were displeased at being disturbed!"

"Amy is mistaken sometimes. Any way, this is not a disturbance. They are not very polite to leave you to your own devices. Master Phil has grown fond of riding in bad weather of late. I think the boy must be pining for his college-mates. But come in; let me play host."

She amused herself—child as she was—taking a survey of the room; stuck her tiny feet into his embroidered slippers, tried on his smoking-cap, admired and polished his silver-

topped meerschaum, lost the markers out of his books, scribbled over his paper, and spoiled his best pen; and finally stopped at his locked desk.

"Fastened!" she said; "so I can't upset the contents! There must be gold or precious stones, or letters, perhaps love-letters therein! It is sure to have a story, locked so mysteriously. My fingers ache to break the lock."

"They need not. There is but little of any worth in it. I will show you all there is some day; some day when I can tell you the story!"

"Tell me now. I like stories, and I've nothing else to do!" and she drew a footstool near the hearth and sat on it, looking up at him expectant.

"No, not now! Not now, indeed!"

"When then? this evening? to-morrow? and may Amy know it, too?" and quickly her thoughts reverted to the tale Dinah had told their romance-loving ears, of why John Sterne was an old bachelor.

"No; Amy may not know! I will tell you alone. But not now. I have something else to tell you too, some day, and then you shall know all!"

"But I shall be going soon, you know, too soon, time flies so. When shall it be? Not on Christmas. I shall have enough besides to please me that day!"

"On Christmas Eve then!" he said; and strode to the window, looking, with eyes that saw nothing, down the avenue.

"And that is a week to-day! I shall die of curiosity meanwhile."

No reply from him. But he turned and gazed at her. Her brown curls rested on her hand—a small hand made whiter by the soft blue dress she wore; her eyes were fastened with an intentness and unwonted sobriety upon the dancing flames before her. Her slippers peeping from beneath her dress displayed two buckles of cut steel which shone in the fire-light, betraying every restless movement of the feet within. They seemed marking time to some tune sounding only in her brain, and presently that "Annie Laurie" was her thought became revealed by her voice breaking out in snatches of the song—low and sad, as if unconscious that she sang—

"Gave me her promise true;
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

Strangely and sadly familiar her voice and that song—the old signal to Mima that it was he passing under her window! It pained him, and yet there was not the old soreness in the pain. "Why?" he asked himself; but her voice dispelled his reverie.

"Do they ever die of such a cause? because the one they have proves inconstant, I mean."

"Never! Never a woman, I'm very sure! They have a happy faculty of forgetting. And seldom a man. If *they* don't forget, they pretend to. But in most cases either side finds consolation in marrying some one else!"

"Or marry some one else, and become conscious of their sin through suffering, mamma once told me. I don't know, but I've sometimes thought that mamma did not care for my father as much as she had some time in her life for some other person. She used to speak so sadly of young people loving, and of proving false, and the wickedness of marriage without love. And my papa was so much older than my mother. He died when I was so young I never knew him. He left her all his Southern property—useless now since the war; so, if she had lived, we should have used together the great fortune my great-aunt left me. Poor mamma! in nearly her last breath she was imploring forgiveness of some early friend she fancied near her."

"Your mother then is dead?"

"Yes, three years ago. And when the war broke out I think the Northern blood in my veins grew restless for a Northern home. My step-sisters advised the step, and I have lived since at the seminary where Amy and I became friends. I have no other home now."

He sat himself down in the arm-chair near which she sat on her low footstool. Her hand rested on the arm of it, and he took it gently up within his own, yet his own trembled as it lay there. Hers was very still; she seemed hardly conscious it was there; but still gazed on absently into the fire.

"Mara," he said, "Mara, that means 'bit-terness.' You are wrongly named!"

"Dear mamma named me so. My name is really hers—Marian; but I think she must have had a bitter cup to drink when she could call me, her only child, 'Mara.' Yet, since she named it so, I would not change it for a sweeter one."

"What matters the name, dear child?" a strange warmth making bright his eyes. "It is already sweet to me; too sweet, *too sweet!*"

he murmured, pressing his lips upon the hand within his own.

Philip, with some thought weighing too heavily on his mind, and with the restlessness of one unused to grief, had striven to forget mental pain in bodily fatigue. For miles had he ridden in the storm, impetuously on, as if he could escape self; impetuously back, self and his new perplexities still, like Sinbad's old man of the sea, clinging to him. He had resolved to go quietly, unheard by Amy or Mara, to his brother's library, tell him all the thoughts within his heart, and abide by his advice. What if he advised—what seemed but common sense perhaps to a man of his years, outgrown youthful feeling—an abandonment of this dear hope! He was penniless and dependent, and if he acted contrary to his wishes, could he expect his assistance in life? And how else could he hope to win her? Yet he loved her, and he could not give her up! But he would not even ask if her love was his in return till he had frankly confessed all to his brother.

Poor Philip! He had quietly opened the library door. He stood within it and heard his brother's murmuring tone, saw the fervency with which he pressed his lips to her fingers. "What he, *he* supplant me! He, cold and haughty, to win her, and break her heart with his coldness! He, his age, to take her from me! He shall not, he cannot! And yet he will, he *can*; he has wealth to support her; I am a beggar, and worse than beggared since I have lost that hope." Again he rushed out into the storm, again mounted his horse and sped away, though twilight was fast coming on.

They had not seen Philip. Each seemed lost in thought, and twilight stole on them unawares, while only the bright firelight lighted up the room by fitful gleams. She had looked at him wonderingly when he kissed her hand. She looked so again, when, after the long silence, he added:—

"Shall you care to hear, little Mara, the story I promised to tell you on Christmas Eve? What interest will your pure fresh heart take in the story of a sad-worn man, long past youth? And yet if you do not, if you *do not*, Mara?"—he leaned back, his face turned from her still wondering eyes. There was the coldness of repressed feeling in his tone, as he resumed: "My story you shall hear as promised, if you will listen. Yes, and

more; only first the story of my life, for in nothing would I deceive you, Mara. Let it be fairly won, if it is at all!"

"Let what be fairly?" she said.

He made no reply, but presently, twining her brown curls in her fingers, he said: "To-night let me hear of your own life."

"There is but little to tell," she said. "I was born in Georgia eighteen years ago. I was my mother's only child; but when my father married her his first wife's children were nearly her age. My name is Marian Ellis; not that Ellis is really my surname, but an old rich aunt of mamma's, upon whom she was dependent in her girlhood, left me all her possessions upon condition I took her name. I never saw her, nor do I even remember where she lived; indeed, I think, for some reason connected with her early life, mamma did not wish me to know. I do not believe she was very kind to mamma. However, she left me her money, for which I thank her of course; it is nice to be rich!" and she laughed merrily.

"Go on," he said, hoarsely.

Troubled at his manner, she still obeyed.

"My own name by birth is Harding. My mother's maiden name was Walton—Minna Walton. She was a Northerner; and O so lovely, so beautiful, she must have been! for she was still beautiful when she died, but oh, so sad! Papa had been dead many years. I think, from what I overheard my stepsisters say one day, after papa's death, when they were angry—for they were not kind to her—that she had loved another before she met papa, and better than she ever had him. Oh, I cannot forget how, in the delirium of her last moments, she seized my hands and implored my forgiveness. She mistook me for him she had loved. 'I will wait,' she would cry; 'I will be patient, and faithful, and true till you return, and take me into the world; I want to see the world!' I think she could not have kept her promise, for her self-reproach was as fearful as her cries for his pardon. Poor mamma, dear mamma!" and the little head bowed sadly into her hands, and she wept bitterly.

He groaned aloud: "O Marian, lost Marian! I can forgive, I can forget! In your child I hold you; mine—my Marian again!"

If she heard him she did not heed. He lifted her from her low seat—"Mara, Mara, darling, do not weep. God has sent you to

me, sweetest! Marian, can you see this? Will you be happier up in heaven, Minna, to see your child with him who loved you? Do you know this, Mara? do you know how passionately I idolized your mother, and that I am he whom she loved?"

She understood all now. Dinah's story of his disappointment, and her mother's words, together, made all plain. She upraised her face, smiling through her tears, and putting her hands within his: "It makes you nearer to me!" she said. "I feel not nearly so alone now. And because she was not true you will not like me less? Forgive her! she was so sad, and she loved you!"

Burning words of love on his lips struggled for utterance. Better than he had ever loved the mother loved he now her daughter! Still not a word had escaped him; he only held her close within his arms, when the fierce galloping of a horse was heard, and frightful screams hurried both apart and to the outer door.

Philip on the ground insensible, and Amy, pallid with terror, leaning over him.

John's strong arms bore him to his own room adjoining the library. It seemed ages before the village doctor arrived, and the wounded man opened his eyes to reveal in their dull heaviness the sad truth that he was unconscious of all around him.

At length Amy was enabled to say that as she entered the avenue, Philip's horse, just in advance of her, seemed suddenly startled, ran, and as they neared the house, threw Philip, his head falling on the sharp stone steps. What had kept him out so late was still a mystery.

Tenderly did calm and quiet John dismiss the two trembling girls, assuring them he should not leave poor Phil; and they must rest, that they might take his place as nurse on the morrow. Upon this plea he succeeded; and the hours passed heavily, drearily, despairingly, but that, in spite of grief, he could not shut out his new joy in loving Mara.

Days passed, with anxiety pressing more heavily upon them. Philip, and the frail chance for his life, was the only apparent thought of all.

Christmas eve, the time so joyfully anticipated a week before, came saddest of all. Merrily pealed the church-bells, and brightly shone lights from the church windows, making visible to the outsider the festoons and gar-

lands of evergreen within. But they who had thought to enter together that little church, and together rejoice that a Saviour was born, were gathered around the bed of suffering. The crisis had come, and the physician gave them no hope. Death was very near them, and they watched each breath, noted each movement, feeling it was the last. John's strong arms upheld Philip; his whole voice and manner gentle as a woman's, all sternness and coldness gone from his face, only a great tenderness, a great love shining there. Amy knelt beside the bed, her arm thrown over her dying brother, her whole frame racked with sobs. But Mara stood tearless, and so changed from the untroubled girl to the despairing woman that death seemed sweeter far than life.

How he raved in his delirium! how he called on Amy, on John, on his dead mother to come to him and unbind that burning band about his head; but most of all on Mara.

"Come to me, little innocent Mara. Why will you stay away when I call you, cruel Mara? Oh, you are with John! I know, I see; the library holds you two alone. He kiss your hand, Mara, and I may not, I dare not! He shall not, shall not win you! and yet I cannot! I am poor; do you mind being poor? We might be happy, Mara; I would try to make you so. Hark, the bells are tolling! do they know the age to toll? I am young to give up life yet. I hoped to live for you—for you! lost to me forever, Mara! Amy, do not tell her, dearest, that I love her so! You will not miss me when you have her here with John forever; and I cannot, will not even try to stand between John and his happiness! He has been so kind to us, Amy, poor motherless ones, and he has had no joy in life, Amy!" His voice sank into a whisper. No sound throughout the dimly-lighted room but his moans and murmurs of the beloved name, mingling with the bereaved one's bitter cries.

A strange pallor and coldness seized John; his limbs trembled, and the room grew close and suffocating. Quietly he placed his brother back upon his pillows, and stepped just without the window upon the veranda. The cold winter air restored him. He gazed up at the stars, and in a passion of grief beat his hand upon his breast. "God have pity!" was his agonized cry. "A second time in life this cruel stroke!"

Philip's voice rang upon his ear: "John,

John, I had rather you killed me than taken her from me! Oh, Mara, why could you not have loved me, Mara?"

She seized his hand; she raised his head on her arm, and pressed her lips again and again to his chilly brow. "What can I say! O Philip! precious Philip!" she cried, appealingly.

"Tell him the truth!" said John's deep voice beside her, and his head rested heavily on her shoulder. "The *truth*! but gently, gently, Mara; he is reviving, he knows you, thank Heaven!

The form, but tossing now in pain, was stiller, and his eyes opened slowly, steadily, but with a light that showed intelligence had returned. They sought John, growing sadder as they gazed; then wonderingly rested on her who held his head, and pain and darkness settled again in his face.

Midnight tolled out from the church tower, and then the room was hushed again. John's voice broke the silence.

"Mara has something to say to you. Will you hear her? You have asked her why she did not love you. Philip, she does love you!"

"Mara!" and Philip's eyes fastened upon her.

"I do, Philip! God knows I do, with my very soul! Live for my sake; I cannot have you die!"

"And John?" asked Philip, faintly.

John Sterne's lips quivered, and then a calm sorrow settled down upon them, that they who met him a year after on the battlefield, and saw him die a brave patriot's death, never saw removed.

"And John," he said, "says God bless you, my dear children, and make you ever happy in each other! This shall be your home; but you will let me stay with you a little while. You two must take care of all my possessions while I go to the war, and give a home to Amy. They will all be yours and Amy's after I am gone, you know!"

It was Amy who clung to him, kissing him, and weeping now for joy as she had wept for grief. Mara, whom he loved better than life, saw him not. Philip, for whom he had given more than life, saw her only.

Then he grew himself again, the unwearying, careful nurse; and leading the two girls out into the hall—"Go," he said, "and rest, my children. Philip will live! Thank God

for this, and pray Him have pity upon the souls of the desolate!"

And alone, beside the sweetly sleeping man, restored through love to life, sat John Sterne, his hand tightly clasping the miniature of his first-loved Marian, as his heart held the image of the second. Little ever knew the world which had professed all knowledge concerning his life-history, that though through the first came the bitterest grief of youth, yet not till manhood's prime, and through the second, fell sorely, crushingly, and without cure the heavy weight of John Sterne's disappointment.

LITTLE SARAH.

BY FLORENCE HARTLAND.

WREATH the pale flowers round her gently;
Lay them on the coffin-lid;
Soon that form so fair and saintly
'Neath the grave-clods will be hid.

Smooth the hair down reverently
From that marble brow;
Kiss the dead lips, cold and icy;
Speak in whispers low.

Weeping? No, oh no! too grandly
Her young spirit left the earth,
For a single stain of sorrow
To imprint its heavenly birth!

Weeping, that another angel
Swell the pealing choir of heaven?
Weeping, that another spirit
Has a radiant crown been given?

Would you call a shining seraph
From its blissful heavenly home?
Would you claim your vanished treasure,
Once again on earth to roam?

Nay, remember that your jewel
Is not *lost*, but only flown
From its frail and shattered casket
Bright to gleam in Jesus' crown!

And methinks I see her standing
In that far-off happy land,
Waiting till, when Death shall claim you,
She shall clasp again your hand.

Then the wild, wild, bitter yearning
To behold her shall be o'er;
In your arms you shall enfold her,
To be parted—nevermore!

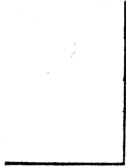
ANOTHER'S MERRIT.—We had rather do anything than acknowledge the merit of another, if we can help it. We cannot bear a superior or an equal. Hence, ridicule is sure to prevail over truth, for the malice of mankind thrown into a scale gives the casting weight.

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

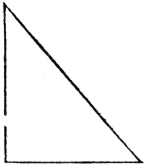
TRIANGLES. (*Continued.*)

P. Before I give you a drawing to copy to-day, you shall see a new triangle. Here is an angle.



Ion. That is a right angle, papa.

P. Now I will make it a triangle.



W. I should call that a right-angled triangle. That would be better than giving it a Greek name.

P. That is its name.

Ion. And a very good thing too that it has a different name. I have hard work to keep the names of the others in my mind. I will repeat them again.

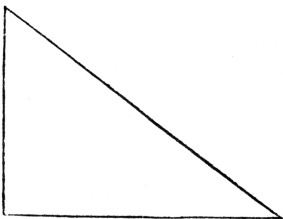
Triangles, with all their sides equal, are called *Equilateral Triangles*.

With two sides equal, they are called *Isosceles Triangles*.

With no sides equal, they are called *Scalene Triangles*, and,

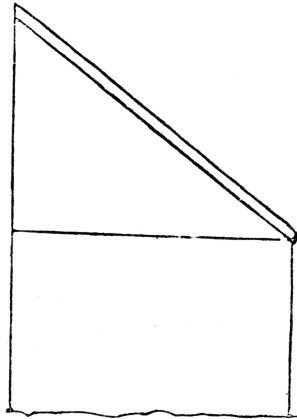
A triangle, with a right angle in it, is called a *Right-angled Triangle*.

P. I will to-day give you some right-angled triangles to draw; and when you can do them properly, you shall make some drawings from them.



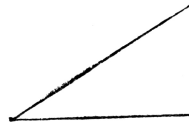
The first drawing is a triangle. In the

second drawing I have added two perpendicular lines; then a ground line, and a parallel line for a roof.



Ion. And so, papa, it has grown into a shed!

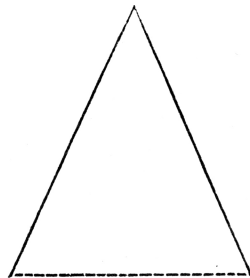
P. Here is another right-angled triangle.



Now I will join some perpendicular and parallel lines to it.

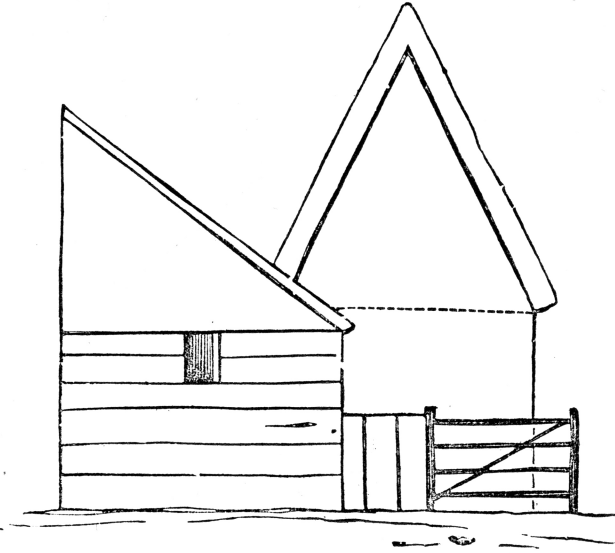


P. When you can draw this, here is an isosceles triangle to copy.



Ion. Why have you drawn its base with dots, papa?

P. Because in the drawing which I am going to make, this part of the triangle will not be required.



Now I will make the drawing. There is the shed, the gate.

W. Only you have put three palings between them.

P. I have drawn the isosceles triangle in the distance; and now you have a picture something like one of the little drawings I made for you in your first month's lessons.

P. Before you begin to draw, point out to me again the two right-angled triangles, and the isosceles triangle. Do not forget, in drawing it, to make a light line through the middle of the isosceles triangle, to see if it is correct. And the other lines, if they are not quite perpendicular, and quite horizontal, will be wrong in their *direction*.

L. And the lines of the isosceles triangle must be very light lines, or else they will be wrong in *shade*.

W. And the house will not seem to be in the distance.

L. We are going to draw it this afternoon, papa. Which part shall we begin first?

P. I should advise you to draw, at first, with *very light lines*, the right-angled triangle in the shed. Secondly, I would make the ground line at the proper distance from it. Thirdly, I would join it to the ground line by the two perpendicular lines which form the sides of the shed. I would then, fourthly, draw the gate at the proper distance from it, and would compare its height with the height of the shed. How high is it?

L. Rather more than half as high, papa.

P. When I had thus drawn the gate and palings in light lines, I would then, fifthly, draw the isosceles triangle, and would make the parallel lines outside it, for the roof of the house.

Ion. But why, papa, are we to draw all this with light lines?

W. I can tell: because, if you should make a mistake, you could then rub it out easily.

P. That is the reason. You cannot rub out dark lines easily. When you have drawn the principal parts with light lines, and feel sure that they are correct, you may make the

dark lines on them without being afraid of making a mistake.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

BY ALMA A. CRAWFORD.

THE rose whose head is bowed
Beneath the passing shower
Hangs from her trembling stem
A burdened, drooping flower.

She tries in vain to rise,
To lift her rosy crown—
And, weeping, bends her head
By crystal drops weighed down.

But when some kindly breeze
Sweeps o'er each burdened leaf,
Or gentle, passing hand
Shakes off her weight of grief,

Freed from her load of tears,
She lifts her queenly form,
More beautiful than e'en
Before the passing storm.

Thus many a child of earth,
Whose head and heart are bowed,
Longs for some kindly voice
To chase away the cloud:

Or gentle hand to take
From off their burdened heart
The weary, troublous load
That has become their part.

And when from sorrow's cloud
Their fettered hearts are free,
Far purer for the storm
Their chastened souls will be.

Bless'd be the gentle hand,
The kindly, cheering voice,
That lifts the weary load,
And bids the heart rejoice.

WANTED, A COMPANION.

BY MARY FORMAN.

"WANTED; a companion for an elderly invalid lady. Apply at No. 27 ——— Street."

It was a brief notice, yet there were woven into the few words hours of anxious thought, long, restless nights, and painful misgivings. I was, in a manner, throwing down a glove for all my numerous relatives, any one of whom would have gladly spared me a child or have come herself to tend my illness, comfort my pain, drive back my loneliness, for I was rich, widowed, and childless. I well knew that Marian my niece, whose son was my chosen heir, would have faithfully devoted her life to me, and if I could have overlooked such trifling peculiarities as an utter selfishness, grasping avarice, and entire heartlessness, we might, perhaps, have gone peacefully together through the short journey that seemed to lie between me and the grave. But I wanted a companion whose services, being liberally rewarded, might be mine at will. I had no intention of overtaking my reader and amanuensis; but I wanted to feel at perfect liberty to call upon her at any hour. Then, too, philanthropic schemes of giving a pleasant home to some poor struggling woman, whose health, education, or delicacy made her unfit to cope with the rude world, floated through my brain.

I soon found my office as selector was no sinecure. All day the stream of applicants poured in, till my heart ached for the many who were thrown upon the world poor and friendless, grasping at every opportunity for honorable employment. Yet, of all the vast throng, not one suited me. Some were merely servants, fully competent to make my bed or sweep my room, but I did not want a servant; some had vast ideas of salary and privileges, totally impossible to meet; some were learned, and proposed to put my seventy years aside and commence my education; some painted, and would fill my room with copies of the great masters, for a trifling addition to their salary; some wanted one perquisite, some another, till, exhausted and bewildered, I dismissed all, promising to grant another interview the next day.

I thought all had gone, and lay back in my

chair weary and disappointed, closing my eyes to shut out the brilliant parterre of gay shawls and overpowering bonnets. I am sure I looked pale, for a soft little hand fell gently upon my forehead, and a voice clear and sweet said:—

"I am sorry you are so tired. Can I do anything for you before I go?"

Something in the low musical voice, tinged as it was with sadness, roused again my failing interest. I opened my eyes to see a small child-like figure clothed in deep mourning, a fair, sweet face whose large hazel eyes were full of that tender longing depth we see sometimes in the babies early called home. A face to waken love and tenderness, a figure drooping and delicate, to call forth all the protecting care of any kind heart. She stood quietly beside me as I scrutinized her closely, her eyes looking frankly into mine, her soft, cool hand still on my brow.

"You came to apply for a situation?" I said, at length.

"Yes; I have been here all the afternoon in that corner; but I shall not suit. I thought at first I might, but so many far superior have failed, that I have given up the hope."

"What can you do?"

"I am afraid very little. I could read. Papa used to like to hear me read, and I could write your notes; but you are very particular about reference, and I have none."

"None!"

"No. There is no one in the city who knows me, and I brought nothing from my old home."

"Can I not write?"

The hand on my forehead grew very cold, and the sweet face very pale, as she said, steadily:—

"There is no one in the wide world to give me one word of recommendation."

I was puzzled. Here was the very companion for whom I longed. Some one to cherish and protect, in return for their services to me; but there was something startling in this assertion of utter friendlessness, coming from the lips of such a child. My

thoughts formed most unconsciously, at, the abrupt question—

“Have you done anything wrong to forfeit your friends’ affection?”

I repented the question while I asked it.

The rich crimson blood dyed both cheeks, but the true, fearless eye never wavered as she answered:—

“No. I am unfortunate, poor, friendless, and unhappy; but I have no sin to carry, no guilt to crush me down. I know it seems strange that a girl of nineteen (I had thought sixteen the utmost limit for her age) should be thus lonely; but it is sorrow, not sin, that has thrown me out of home and companionship. You are better now, are you not?”

“Yes; not so tired.”

“Then I will bid you good-night.” And she bent with a graceful salutation, and turned to leave me.

“Stay,” I said. “What is your name?”

“Alice.”

“Alice what?”

“I have no other name.”

Another enigma. I could not let her go.

“If you stay with me, Alice,” I said, taking her hand in mine, “I hope some day to win your confidence and know what sad story has blighted your youth. I believe you when you tell me there is no sin connected with it, and if you are willing to come to-morrow for a short visit, we can see if we suit each other for a longer companionship.”

“I will come,” she said, with a trembling voice, and bending down, she left a kiss and a hot tear upon my withered hand, and was gone.

I am afraid my readers would set me down for a romantic old fool if I told them all the stories I framed that night for my heroine. The pale pure face with its delicate features, golden hair, and large, child-like eyes, fairly haunted me. The tiny hands had evidently never known labor; the sweet, clear voice was modulated by the education of a lady; the graceful little figure, with its modest bearing, had no cringing in its attitude. At least there was a new interest for my lonely life; and if my new study proved an impostor, there was no one but myself to be injured, no children to be trained in error, no young mind to receive poisonous doctrine; and in view of all these negatives I felt satisfied with my acquisition.

Looking back now, with the love of my

protégée making the music of my life, I find it difficult to recall the impressions of the first few days; but a few words about myself may show my reader what my companion was to me.

As I have said, I was past seventy years; but had been, until within a few months, in the full possession of every faculty, and unusually active and energetic for my years. Possessed of vast wealth, I had tried, with sincerity, to remember that I was the Lord’s steward; and if my name but seldom figured upon the pompous lists of public charities, I trust that the courts and alleys where my old face was so cordially welcomed, the children snatched from low haunts of misery, the industrious supplied with work, the energetic little boys “set up” in the shoe-black or newspaper business, the dying from whose bed the sting of want was swept away, the aged whose helpless hands were filled, and the erring who found an avenue opened for honorable labor, will bear me witness that I have earnestly endeavored to be a just almoner. Six months previous to the day when my daring advertisement appeared, my physician had passed my doom of future helplessness. A severe cold, contracted by some unconscious exposure, had settled in my limbs, and produced such results as left me for the remainder of my life hopelessly crippled, having no power to move my body below the waist.

My nurse, a strong good-hearted woman, fully capable of lifting, dressing, and tending me, at once accepted the post of permanent attendant, with some of the housekeeping cares. I had servants for every lower branch in the domestic department, but I pined for a friend. There were plenty to call upon me, to send me dainty dishes, perfumed notes, choice flowers; but none upon whom I could call for constant attendance. My relatives all resided in a distant city, and there was not one amongst them for whose constant society I felt any desire.

In this lonely, helpless life my companion came to cheer and comfort me. I cannot tell the thousand loving graces by which she won my love, and commanded my esteem. The yearning, childlike pity for my age and helplessness expressed itself in every tone of her sweet voice, in her quick, gentle movements round my chair, her ready comprehension of every want, her tender touch and almost

reverential respect. There was no thought of my wealth or possible generosity in her heart, only such protecting, yet deferential affection as helpless age calls for from fresh, pure-hearted youth. She read beautifully, with an evident cultivation of her clear voice, and when in some stirring passage, I have marked her large eyes kindle, her cheek glow, and voice rise into clear clarion-like tones of enthusiasm. I have forgotten all suffering to go hand in hand with her to the pleasant lands of ideality and romance. Love for literature, elocution, and poetry had been one of the ruling passions of my life, and it soon became one of the delights of my imprisonment to open for Alice the portals of history, imagination, science, and classics, and watch the eager enthusiasm with which she entered the enchanted realms. I smile now to think of the hours we passed over our favorite authors; she seated on a low chair at my side, my hand often resting on the glossy braids of her golden hair, while my pain and her sorrows floated off into a misty background to give place to the spirit of our volume. Her sweet voice, rising in passionate cadences of fancied woe, sinking to love's tenderest intonations, marching forward to a martial strain in steady, measured tones, or wailing with despairing grief, carried my old heart far back to the days when this was to me also an inner life, a resting-place from hard realities or everyday monotonies.

She grew happier, too, in our daily intercourse. The heavy grief in her dark eyes grew softened into a quiet resignation, and the slow, weary footfall grew more elastic and buoyant as she became assured of my love for her, my pleasure in her society. She had been with me nearly two months, when one day, leaning her cheek against the arm of my chair, and looking up into my face, she said:

"Do you care for music?"

I told her truly how I loved it.

"When the sorrows of my life fell upon me," she said, mournfully, "I said there could be no more music for me; my heart felt darkened and desolate; but you have flooded it with love and light, and I can sing again."

And without further preface, still seated at my feet, her eyes still raised to mine, she began to sing.

I had often marked, while she read, the musical intonations of her voice when it rose above a monotone; but I had never dreamed

of its wealth and power until I heard it in song. The perfection of cultivation which had evidently been lavished upon it had had no power to crush out its natural purity and sweetness; the elaborate trills and wonderful scales fell with such easy grace that they seemed more the spontaneous embroidery of a bird than the result of science; and when she sang ballads, the severe simplicity of style seemed more like the heartfelt warbling of a cottage girl than the marvellous finish of the artist. For nearly two hours she sang, uninterrupted, her dark eyes looking forward, filled with rapt ecstasy, her form entirely motionless, the light striking upon her lovely face and mourning robes, framing a model for a St. Cecilia, and I wondering that I had never before read the music in her brow, eyes, and lips.

At last the flood of melody sank slowly, gradually in fainting sweetness into silence. She sat still, utterly motionless for a few moments, the high inspiration dying out from her face, the old depth of grief creeping slowly into her eyes, till, suddenly, with a bitter cry of—"How can I bear it!" she broke into passionate sobbing. I had never seen her violently agitated before. She was always so calm, so self-possessed, that this sudden burst of despairing sorrow alarmed me. For some moments my voice was unheeded; but I leaned forward and placed my hand on the bent head, saying: "Alice, my child! Let me share your grief or comfort it."

She heard me then, and it was pitiful to see how she struggled for composure. The little white fingers, laced together as her arms were raised over her head, now moved restlessly, nervously seeking their place; the slight figure convulsed by bitter sobbing trembled as she strove to check the sounds of woe; and when at last the sweet face was raised to mine, its pale lips, swollen eyelids, and yearning, questioning gaze touched me to the very heart.

"Surely you can trust me," I said, in answer to that look. "Tell me your trouble. Perhaps I can lighten the burden. I am rich, you know."

"Money will not help me. If it would, I should never tell you;" and the head was raised with a proud erectness it had never borne in my presence before. Soon, however, it drooped back to the old place on the arm of my chair, and she said:—

"You cannot help me; but you have been so kind that it seems wrong to keep a secret from you. From my earliest childhood I have lived in such a house as this, surrounded by every luxury, the petted darling of the owner. Dr. Greyson, my dear father, made my happiness the object of his life; he cultivated every talent he thought he found in me, making study delicious by his own advice and companionship. I had masters for English, French, German, and above all music, and every day's study was rewarded by his praise and encouragement in the long delightful evenings we spent together. He was very wealthy, and I had not a caprice ungratified, while his steady judgment kept my wayward fancies in control; my whims were analyzed till they melted into air, or became solid foundations for virtue or improvement. Two years ago, my father took a pupil into his office, a gentleman some four or five years older than myself, the son of a widow lady who resided in P——. It will scarcely interest you to tell you my love-story, for I soon learned to love this new member of our home circle. Evening after evening, when his study for the day was over, he would linger in our sitting-room, talking, reading, or joining his voice to mine in a thousand vagaries of sound that spring spontaneously to the lips of music lovers."

She was looking intently forward, as the narrative fell from her lips, her voice sunk to monotone, her words set and studied as if she were reading the tale from some book, instead of probing her own heart, while the rigid erectness of her frame, the steady clasp of her hands, one within the other, told of the strain for composure, the forced calmness.

"We became very dear to each other, Horace and I, lovers from similarity of taste, his noble, true nature absorbing mine, till I would have been content to be his servant to live near him and feel the sunlight of his presence. At last he asked me to be his wife, and earth held no greater happiness for my future life. He had won my father's consent before he asked mine, and we were betrothed, with every prospect of a speedy, happy marriage. Yet, though he had given a free, willing consent to our engagement, my father seemed reluctant to hasten the wedding. We had been so long dependent each upon the other for society, that even though his house was still to be our home, he seemed to dread

the change my marriage might make. We had been engaged, Horace and I, for nearly a year, when some business called my lover from home for a month, and my father promised that upon his return the wedding preparations should begin.

"The day after he left, I was sitting in my own room when my dear father came up stairs, and, after a long, loving conversation, placed in my hand a note for a thousand dollars, to buy, he said, the wedding finery, and then, with something like a tear in his eyes, he kissed his darling for the last time! The last time! He was thrown from his carriage an hour later, and brought home, dead!"

She was silent for a moment, and then, in the same steady monotone that covered so much agony, she recommenced her narrative.

"He had been dead three days when his lawyer called upon me to tell me that Dr. Greyson was not my father. I was a foundling, a child whom he had found neglected and abused in some low haunt where his charity had taken him for professional service, and in his boundless goodness he had taken me to his home. He had always intended to make me his heiress, but had died without making a will. I was still sitting trying to realize this stunning truth, when another visitor entered, unannounced, Horace's mother."

Involuntarily I drew the child nearer to me. Well could I understand the bitterness of that interview!

"She came to beg me to release her son. She told me that in his Quixotic generosity he would doubtless hasten to me, and make me his wife; but that by so doing he would utterly destroy his own prospects. No one would employ a physician who so violated prejudice as to marry a woman of no birth or name, and his aunt, whose death was to make him wealthy, was proud and aristocratic, and would surely spurn the husband of a woman who was picked up, nobody knew where. My father (I can never think of him by any colder name) was but a few hours buried, the news of my birth just told me, and so, crushed by the double sorrow, the future looked dark enough for me to think lightly of one more pang. She won my consent to a disappearance, and before night I had left P—— without one word to Horace or any old friend of my intentions. My father's present on the morning of his death I took with me, leaving

everything else for the heir-at-law. I had been here but a few days, lodging with a woman to whom Mrs. Martyn sent a letter by me, when your advertisement attracted me, and I ventured here. Need I tell you of my gratitude for all your kindness, my deep appreciation of your goodness? I can never tell you. You must feel it, for no words of mine can give it utterance."

"Suppose!" I said, watching her keenly, "you go to this proud aunt and tell your story; she may not be so cruel as she is represented."

"No. I promised to give him up, and I cannot in honor try to win a consent opposed to that of his mother."

"Who is this aunt?"

"I do not know. Horace often spoke of a dear aunt Elizabeth; but he never mentioned himself as her heir, or indeed mentioned her money at all. He seemed to love her very dearly; but she may not be the one his mother referred to. I do not know her last name."

"Alice!" I said, gently, "do you know who sends affliction, and why He sends it?"

The pure face lighted with a holy fervor as she said, softly—

"Those whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. His will be done."

I was satisfied. I had never been attracted by the religion worn upon the sleeve, the cant springing upon trivial occasions to the lips, the Scripture phrases hackneyed till they revolted against one's reverence; but there was a quiet, holy form of life, a patient resignation, a deep silent Christianity that more truly betokened the pure, holy fervor of tried religion, and these Alice held surely, clasping the Comforter closely to her heart, letting not her right hand see her left move, praying secretly and *living* her piety, instead of crying it from the housetops.

I think she felt happier after her confession to me. There were words of sympathy which I could give now, that seemed to comfort her, and it was evidently a relief to speak freely of her adopted father. Each day's intercourse brought our hearts nearer together, till, like that father, I shuddered over the thought of losing her, even for her own happiness.

She was sitting in her old place at my feet, one morning, her hand clasped in mine, reading one of Miss Landon's passionate love poems. As she let the last word fall from her

lip, she looked into my face with a sad, earnest gaze, that touched me deeply.

"You have so loved," I said, gently.

"I have so loved, so lost my love. Can we ever forget! With duty, resignation, and submission all pointing to oblivion, can we ever forget!"

She often expressed her thoughts in this metrical form; but it was, I think, the result of close study, intercourse with manly intellect and reading, more than any affectation.

"Why should you forget?" I said; "it is unnatural to cramp and starve your young heart to fill the caprice of avarice. Horace is true. Horace knew of your obscure birth before he asked you to be his wife; knew it from Dr. Greyson's lips."

She was listening with suspended breath and dilated eyes.

"His aunt is ready to give her consent. Do you not guess? Alice, my child, Horace Martyn is my nephew and heir, and—"

Did she guess, or was his movement forward too eager? I only know she sprang to her feet, turned, and was clasped fast in her lover's arms, her true, noble-hearted lover, who has sought her with a breaking heart, and come post haste in answer to my letter of summons.

My large house is none too big for the little restless feet that patter up and down the broad entries, the little voices that waken its echoes, while my heart is freshened, my youth renewed, my whole life encircled by the love of my nephew, Alice, and their three wee children.

DOMESTIC HELP.

BY MRS. CHATWITT.

THE want of good domestic help in the United States is a great evil, and one which daily increases; and, were it not for the influx of foreigners, I do not know but necessity would drive all housekeepers to some great boarding-house system, thus banishing the holiest of all places—our homes and our private firesides.

No one can travel through our country towns, especially of the Free States of the West, without being struck with the careworn, faded expression of women scarcely thirty years of age; and the merest glimpse at their cares and duties, and the hard work that

inevitably falls to their share, shows plainly *why* they are broken down *where* they are in their prime; shows why there are so many motherless children; why there are so many men mourning over the beloved of their youth, and the breaking up of their household ties; why there are so many with second and third wives.

Look at a young girl entering upon the duties of matrimony, loving and beloved, and anxious to fulfil her domestic and social duties. Watch her year by year until a little family have clustered around her; see with what energy and amiability she has striven against sickness, poor help, and all the thousand trials and perplexities that no one but American housekeepers can understand. With an infant in her arms and an inexperienced girl to help her, she superintends her housekeeping, receives company, nurses her children, acts the seamstress, and strives for her husband's comfort; and often her miserable help deserts her when she can least do without. What wonder health and beauty give way! And she could not retain her spirits, and hope against hope that she will be relieved in time to recruit her failing health and energies, but for that calm trust, which I glory in saying most of my countrywomen possess, in an all-wise Creator, an overruling Providence, and a kind Heavenly Father. Yet, though God overrules all things, He does not wish us to fold our hands over this evil; even with faith in Him, we must endeavor to remove it, and look to Him to bless our efforts, not our passiveness. What can be done? Will not some one take up a pen, and tell us what is practicable?—not theories; something practical?

One thing, as a partial alleviation, I would suggest, returning to one of the good old customs of our New England grandmothers, which, amid all the fashions, and, as they would have said, "new-fangled notions" of the day, seems to have grown nearly obsolete. They used, when first married, to go quietly to housekeeping (and they had been taught domestic duties better, I am sorry to say, than girls are now taught); they used to take a little girl to bring up, often an orphan, or some poor child whose parents were glad to part with her if she found a good home, so that it was a double kindness. And, as ladies did not then disdain attending to some part of their domestic duties from *choice*, the child was personally taught and superintended, and affectionately treated. Thus situated, she

loved and respected her protectors, so when the time of trial came they had one hand at least upon whom they could rely—one who felt an interest that domestic matters should go right, and the wheels of the household roll on smoothly—one who every year would be of more use and more of a friend, morally trained, and trained as a good housekeeper; and when her time came to take charge of a family, she would be a credit to the lady who had brought her up, and a blessing to her own family. Many might object to this as being so much *trouble*. And so it is; but it is *trouble that pays*, to use a popular, though not very elegant, expression.

It is a great deal of care and trouble to train a child, to have patience with its waywardness, and forbearance with its failings, and forgiveness for its faults; but there is nothing worth having in this life that is not some trouble; and this taking some of the labor from our hands, taking some of the steps for the wearied feet, disciplining the heart in patient virtues, is trouble that will repay.

I am far from meaning to recommend bringing up a child as a drudge, making her feel herself inferior, and dwarfing her in mind and body by harsh usage and hard work. No truly thoughtful Christian woman is capable of doing this, and she who would use a dependant thus does not know the kindly feelings of a follower of the Saviour of love and mercy, and (harsh as it may sound) is not fit to bring up her own children.

But what is the trouble compared to the trouble of continual change from one ignorant servant girl to another? Need I go through the list? Not this time. But these troubles and the trouble of bringing up a child, to have her assistance, love, and respect for eight or ten years, or perhaps more, hardly contrast, and there are hundreds in our crowded cities who would be a blessing to as many housekeepers, if they would only think they could take the *trouble* to bring them up. Who will try the experiment?

Any one who reads this article will readily understand that I refer more particularly to housekeepers in country towns as being so situated as to try this experiment to the best advantage.

—If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

FIFTH EVENING.

At the fifth meeting of the "Few Friends," held at Mrs. Adams's tasteful residence, Teresa exhibited to her delighted guests an improvised kaleidoscope, which was unanimously pronounced to be the very palace of that realm of dazzling changes of which every child has had a faint glimpse through the common kaleidoscope of the toy-shops. Indeed, so gorgeous and varied were the effects, and on so large a scale, that even the staidest of the members gave vent to an undignified "O!" while gazing. Form, color, light, and shade were blended in the most exquisitely symmetrical disorder. Sometimes they saw a plain field of crimson, over which golden flashes passed and repassed with the rapidity of lighting; next, flowers in wild profusion seemed to bud and bloom before their eyes until nothing but a mass of glowing pulsing loveliness could be seen. Then a gleam of emerald darted through its midst, and, like the touch of a fairy wand, transfigured everything it touched into new forms of beauty. Soon, across a plain of dazzling white, ran quick, rippling circles of blue and crimson; then the fairy wand again, and watches, rings, bracelets, and ribbons crowded into view, only to melt away in a wheel of limpid water, never breaking, though it revolved as if speeding on some mad errand. This vanishing, a hideous face with its dozens of eyes, now scowling, now staring, now villanously winking, startled the spectators, who, applaud as they might, could never win an *encore*, for the spirit of change ruled supreme.

As each guest in turn looked in wonder and admiration at the ever varied forms, now laughing, as something "so funny" appeared, or hastily stepping aside to allow the others to see some exquisite effect before it vanished, one would have thought that their days of childish frolic had returned. And, indeed, children of a larger growth they were, though rather indignant children, when Teresa, with a merry laugh, moved the screen that had hidden her from the spectators and showed to them the materials with which she had wrought such wondrous effects.

Alas, the fairy-wand was but a glass pen-handle! The garlands of flowers that had seemed so fresh and beautiful were but a handful of tumbled enormities from cast-off bonnets. The crystal lights came from an old bead-basket; and, for the rest, lamp-mats, handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, jewelry, and gilt-edged books had served their delusive purpose. The hideous face was Teresa's own, as fresh and sweet a countenance, my good-looking reader, as shall ever bend over these pages, and that wondrous water-wheel had been made by simply pouring a small stream of water into a pewter-mug.

And now, as others may wish some time to conjure up similar fairy-like effects from equally slender means, I will, confidentially, give them Teresa's *modus operandi*.

In the first place, her piano-forte, standing at one end of the long parlor, had been screened from the audience by a flowing white curtain (*i. e.* two sheets suspended gracefully over a big clothes-horse). Then, after removing the cloth from the highly polished instrument, she had opened it in the usual way as if for playing upon it. This of course caused a portion of the front to lie back upon the main body of the instrument. Raising this reversed part up about nine inches (so that, at the ends, the open section presented an angle of nearly 45 degrees) she supported it by means of a pile of books at each end; taking care, however, not to let them project under the elevated portion more than was absolutely necessary for support. This left a triangular opening at either end, and by throwing a heavy shawl or cover across the entire length to shut out the light from the side, the kaleidoscope was complete—taking much less time to perform the work than it has required to describe it. The only thing then needed, to produce the full kaleidoscopic effect, was to throw a strong light across the end away from the audience, and to shake bright-colored objects a few inches from it, while the spectator looked in at the other extremity. When everything was ready, the curtain, which had hung close to the piano-forte, and at right angles to it, was parted in

the middle just enough to leave the eye-end of the kaleidoscope open to the audience, allowing nothing to be seen of the movements behind the curtain.

Thus, while the "Few Friends" had been enjoying what seemed to them the most magical effects, Mary Gliddon and Teresa had been quietly presenting, shaking, changing, and swinging their stock of commonplace articles at the other end—taking care that a strong light should fall upon the colors, or, when transparent articles were used, allowing the light to fall through them. Any person having a piano, the top of which opens lid-like, can, after a little experimenting, produce truly remarkable effects in this way.

Before the clothes-horse was removed from the apartment, Benjamin Stykes, who of course was present, begged leave to introduce, "for fun's sake," a new pastime which he insisted had lately been introduced into the country by an Egyptian. The only preparation required was to cut a few oval holes about an inch and a half long, and sixteen inches apart, in a couple of large newspapers. These were fastened across the clothes-horse, while the space between papers and floor was filled by one of the aforesaid sheets.

"Now," quoth Ben, with an inquiring look around the room, "we certainly are all familiar with each other's countenances by this time?"

"I should think so," replied a chorus of voices, promptly.

"And we would of course recognize every eye in the room if allowed time for careful inspection?"

Nearly all assented to this proposition.

"Well, we will test the fact," said Ben. "Half a dozen of us will step behind the screen and look with our right eyes through the holes, which you see are sufficiently large to afford you a full exhibition. I will guarantee that not one of the rest can name correctly the respective owners of the six eyes."

Thus challenged, all were of course eager that the experiment should be tried. Ben, Lieutenant Hunter (Ben's quondam rival), Teresa Adams, Mr. Pipes, Mr. Simmons, and Miss Scinwig were selected to go behind the screen.

Alas for the uncertainty of human prediction! not one of the discriminating friends could name correctly the owners of the queer-looking optical mirrors now glaring upon them. Not even when the eyes twinkled

with laughter at the queer mistakes made, was the task of recognition rendered easier. A certain full gray orb in the corner (belonging to one Benjamin) looked expressively at Mary Gliddon, only to be passed by as hopeless, while it almost shed a natural tear when its owner heard the grizzly green eye of Miss Scinwig, in the opposite corner, designated by Mary in good faith as pertaining to Mr. Stykes.

Numberless were the mistakes made by the guessers as other eyes were placed under inspection. They could generally recognize the weary eye of poor Mr. Simmons, or the softly-cushioned little bit of jet through which his comfortable spouse had so far seen the world; but the visual organs of the others, though strongly individualized enough when seen "in the flesh," became utterly unrecognizable in a newspaper setting. The less important features, yeleft eyes and nose, met with little better fate when the holes in the paper had been enlarged to give them a trial.

When Ben attempted gently to reproach Mary for her sad mistake, the saucy creature declared she was glad he had informed her of it, for she certainly owed Miss Scinwig an apology, and must attend to it forthwith—which she accordingly did, leaving Master Ben a prey to conflicting emotions. Like Viola, the poor fellow had "never told his love," and sadly did he suffer for his lack of courage. "If," thought he, "I could but get just one encouraging glance—such as Teresa Adams has cast upon me often—I might venture. It is true her eye kindled when we spoke together the other night as I have never seen it kindle before; but we were discussing the war. And this very evening she blushed when I quoted those expressive lines from Tennyson; but she complained the very next moment that the room was excessively warm; so how can a fellow tell. If that step-brother of hers were not so confoundedly filial and attentive, one might escort her home sometimes, and gain an opportunity of exchanging sentiments. Heigh-ho! how beautiful she is! And how good, too! I would stake my very life upon it."

Just then the grand aria from Don Giovanna with which Mr. Pipes (accompanied on the piano by Miss Pundaway) had for a few moments past been regaling the company swelled to such magnitude that Ben was startled from his meditations. To tell the truth, our hero was not over musical in his tastes,

and entertained sentiments anything but gallant toward that now old maid of whose younger days,

"While yet in early Greece she sung,"

Collins has discoursed so eloquently. At last,

"Silence, like a poultice, came
To heal the blows of sound."

Mr. Pipes' voice exploded on the last bar (or so it seemed to Ben); with a smiling, yet modest consciousness of having done his best, he received the congratulations of his admirers, descending from Italian to the vernacular with wonderful ease and condescension.

While the finale was still ringing in the ears of chairman Stykes, he was startled by an unexpected whisper from the lieutenant.

"Come out in the hall."

Half expecting a challenge from the young soldier for daring even in thought to aspire to the love of his step-sister, Ben obeyed. To his great relief, as soon as he had closed the parlor door behind him, he was touched mysteriously on the shoulder by the lieutenant, and, looking up, saw a smile struggling through the hirsute thicket on the latter's face.

"Let's give them a touch of Dumb Orator," said the lieutenant.

"What's that?" inquired Ben. "I have never heard of it."

"Why, it is nearly as old as we are," was the reply; "yet a great many people, I find, have never heard of it. One person makes a speech of some kind, or recites something, with his hands behind him, while another, upon whose lap he is seated, lends him arms, making all the gestures for him."

"Capital! But who'll make the speech?"

"You must, because *I* have the longest arms. With the aid of a cloak, I can manage to hide myself, you know. What will you speak?"

"Will Hamlet's Soliloquy do?"

"Admirably."

The young men then shut themselves in the "third parlor," and, with a little aid from Teresa, soon completed their arrangements.

To the surprise of the guests, when the doors were rolled back, my lord Hamlet was seen seated in comfortable style, with hat and falling plume (borrowed from Teresa's riding outfit), and his cloak flung gracefully back from his shoulders.

"To be or not to be," etc. Never were those well-known words rolled more magnifi-

cently from human lips; yet, it must be confessed, the style of action was not exactly what could be called Booth-ian, unless Booth has recently used a highly-colored silk pocket-handkerchief in the part; taken snuff from a silver box during certain passages; sneezed accordingly; stood his hair out on end with nimble fingers while exclaiming

"To sleep! perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub!"

put on a pair of green spectacles while alluding to the "pale cast of thought;" and twirled his thumbs at the finale

"And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

Still the soliloquy was received with great laughter and applause; and being, as we know, a partnership concern, Ben appropriated the applause and the lieutenant the laughter, and both were satisfied.

Just as Ben was on the point of offering to escort Mary Gliddon home, Mrs. Simmons slowly approached him.

"As we are neighbors, Mr. Stykes, may I ask the protection of your arm on my way home? Our Stevy is not quite well, and I had to send Mr. Simmons home in advance this evening."

"With pleasure, madam," was the courteous reply. And the saintly smile with which Ben relinquished the damsel's company, and gave his protecting arm to the precious three-hundred-weight beside him, was beautiful to behold.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—We find people apparently easy in the midst of great dangers; nay, we know that mankind show the same indifference in cities where the Emperor or the Bashaw amuses himself from time to time in cutting off the heads of those he happens to meet with in his walks; and I make no doubt that if it were usual for the earth to open and swallow a portion of its inhabitants every day, mankind would behold this with as much coolness as at present they read the bills of mortality. Such is the effect of habit on the human mind, and so wonderfully does it accommodate itself to those evils for which there is no remedy.

GENIUS.—The man of genius is not master of the power that is in him; it is by the ardent, irresistible need of expressing what he feels that he is a man of genius.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the Ninth.)

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE.

(As recited at St. Joseph's Hospital, Central Park, New York City.)

The battles of the world are not alone
Where men meet men to throw and be o'erthrown;
Where cannons belch their thunder through the air,
And scatter desolation everywhere.

And not where rifle click and sabre clash
Bespeak a conflict and a battle crash,

Alone, are fields where foe with foemen meet
To battle for a victory or defeat.

For we are conscious of a war within,
Whose tocsin sounds above the smoke and din
Of nations battling for their altar fires,
Or for the birthright of their patriot sires;

Opposing elements are these, that start
In the fair valley of the human heart;

And where the river of repose should run,
A life is lost or life's disgrace is won:

Lost to all happiness, all peace, all hope
That linger still on earth's rose-laden slope;
Won to a fate forever sad and drear,
That knows no respite, solace, choice, or cheer;

Lost to the memories that bloom beside
The banks where flows contentment's sunny tide;

Won to that sorrow and to that despair
That carry death and darkness everywhere.

And over all there hover for their loss
Visions of crowns they win who bear the cross;

And over all a sense of sweetness sweeps
Where love's elysium to its boundary leaps.

But pleasures such as this they may not reach;
Only the lessons that their failures teach;

Only the bitterness, the pain, the woe
Are theirs, or they can ever, ever know.

O soldiers of the Flag! to you I teach
A truth as true as mind of man can reach.

O soldiers of the Flag! that flag whose bars,
Whose field of azure, and whose wealth of stars

Your right arms have defended, unto you
I teach this lesson! *to yourself be true.*

As ye have for your country stood, so stand
As brave and fearless in the temperance band.

O soldiers of the Flag! your hearts can know
No deeper traitor and no deadlier foe

Than lingers in the wine's empurpled sleep;
No poisoned bullet ever goes so deep;

No sabre stroke can cleave so near the heart,
Or sever links that love would never part.

O soldiers of the Flag! do you not know
You have lost battles through this very foe?

When they who led you had their senses steeped
With wine, what wonder that to death you leaped

In charges fatal, as, in England's song,
Such charge as Balaklava doth belong!

O soldiers of the Flag! for you can come
No foe so fatal as this foe of rum!

For not alone by you is felt its sting—
It sends its venom where your memories cling;

It gathers wife and children in its gloom,
And sends heart-broken mothers to the tomb.

Who fall in battle, fall as heroes fall!
For them the victor's wreath, and bier, and pall,

A nation's grateful incense, and a name
Recorded on her muster-roll of fame.

Who fall by reason of the wine-cup fall
To a disgrace from which there's no recall.

The roster of such company must be,
Though sad to write, more sad to hear or see;

And lips that might make music on the march
Yield only venom for the hearts that parch

For some small token from afar, to yield
A grateful memory from life's battle-field.

O soldiers of the Flag! once more, once more,
By hopes you cherish, ills that you deplore,

By memories of battle-fields well fought,
By memories that home and love have taught,

Be warned in time, or in the battle hour,
A sense of weakness shall exhaust your power,

And, falling in the ranks before the foe,
You reach a Libby Prison house of woe;

Envircled by an enemy far worse
Than gray-clad minions who their country curse.

THE TWO SEXES.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling). It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires Heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps, we do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women; and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired; an offspring of the intellectual quality; not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

—WITH a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

—LOVE is like honesty—much talked about, and but little understood.

NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

COIFFURES, SLEEVES, DRESSES, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.—Ball coiffure. The hair is arranged in curls and plaits, and falls very low on the neck at the back.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 6.—A salmon-colored merino dress, trimmed with black velvet, and quilled salmon-colored ribbon.

Fig. 2.

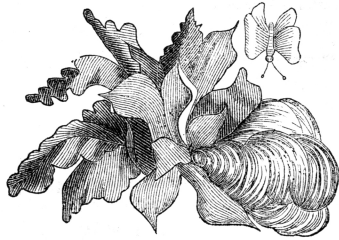


Fig. 3.

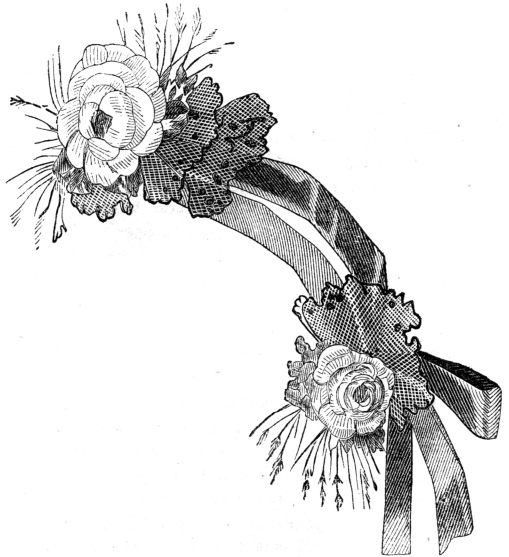


Fig. 2.—A Marie Antoinette tuft, composed of light white feathers, frosted leaves, and a gilt butterfly, which is attached by a fine wire.

Fig. 3.—Fancy coiffure, composed of sea-green velvet, black lace, and pink roses.

Fig. 4.—Muslin sleeve, trimmed with fluted muslin ruffles and Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 5.—Lace sleeve, trimmed round the wrist, and up to the elbow with point lace and insertion.

Fig. 7.—Pink merino dress, braided with black. This style of dress is suitable for a boy or girl of two years.

Fig. 8.—Breakfast-cap of dotted muslin, trimmed with very narrow black velvet.

Fig. 9.—White muslin apron, for a little girl six years old. The bretelles are trimmed with an embroidered ruffle, and the front of the corsage is formed of three rows of inserting, trimmed with ruffling. The same pattern

Fig. 4.

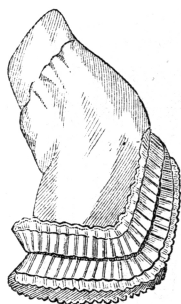


Fig. 5.

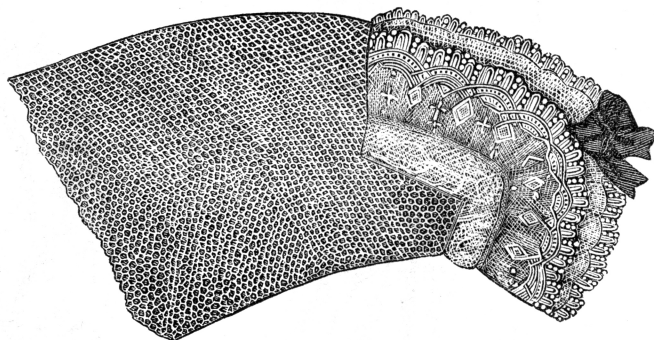


Fig. 6.



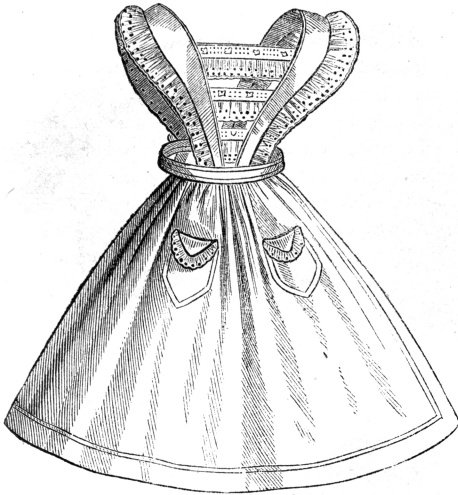
Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



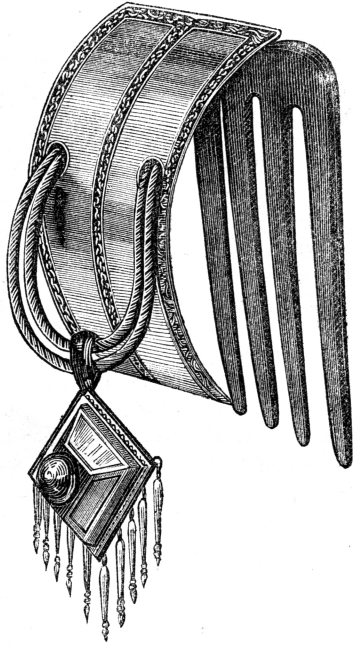
Fig. 9.



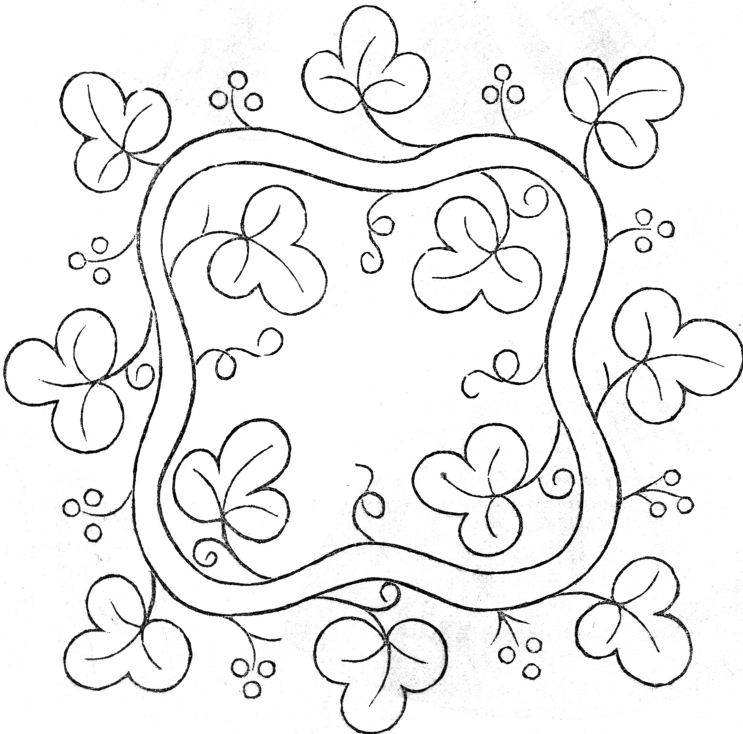
makes up prettily in silk, substituting quilled ribbon, or bead trimming for the inserting, and forming the bretelles of fluted silk.

Fig. 10.—Fancy comb of gilt, elegantly ornamented with black enamel.

Fig. 10.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A PINCUSHION.



RUSTIC FRAMES.

BY R. C. B.

PROCURE a frame of the shape your fancy may dictate; oval is, however, the prettiest for this kind of work.

Have the frame made of wood, entirely free from paint, oil, or varnish; it should be as thick as frames usually are, sloping on the outside from the outer to the inner edge; a bevel should be made on the wrong side in which to put the picture and glass, also rings by which it is to be suspended. Make your collection of materials, which should consist of acorns, some entire, but especially the saucers; of these you will need a good many, say a pint of the *small deep ones*. A few of every variety of nuts which are not larger than a common walnut. I know of no nut which is not pretty in this work. All the little nuts and burrs found in the woods which are hard and durable are useful, yellow corn, colored beans, cloves, coffee, green and browned. The kernels out of fruit are beautiful, especially peach-stones. Clean butternuts are very pretty. You will also need about a tablespoonful of lampblack, about the same of gum shellac, a quarter of a pound of common glue (not Spaulding's, for it is too thin for most of the work), some Demar varnish, a tablespoonful of yellow mustard seed, two ounces of alcohol, and a couple of common hog-hair brushes.

Wet the lampblack with alcohol until it is about the consistency of cream, thick enough at least to cover the wood and make it black; with the brush give the face and edge a thorough coat. Let it dry; wash the brush. Have your glue melted and pretty thick; it will be necessary also to keep it warm.

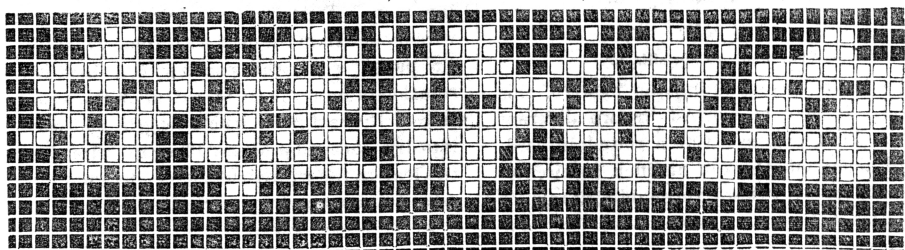
And now, for the easier direction of the ladies, I will describe a frame which hangs before me, naming the articles as they are arranged upon it; but, of course, this may be varied, as the taste may dictate. First, with the coffee commence upon the inner edge, put on a little glue about two inches along, wide as a grain of coffee, and then place the grains all around the edge, the end to the edge, a green and browned one alternately. Find the middle of the frame, and in the same way glue the acorn saucers all about the outer edge, letting them rest somewhat on the side so as to droop gracefully down each way.

Form groups of nuts at the top, bottom, and sides, the side groups smaller than the others. The frame before me has in the centre a flat pine burr, on the right of it, the half of an English walnut, a filbert, and a pea-nut, also some little burrs, beans, and nobs dropped in to fill up the crevices, on the right a cream nut, acorn, and pea-nut, burrs, beans, etc. At the bottom, in the centre, a graceful group of three almonds; extending upon each side are a cream-nut and filbert, with the little things to fill up the crevices. On the right side is a group of two almonds, a peach stone; on the left, half of a butternut, a filbert, and a couple of date stones: these groups, filled in as the others, will complete the nut work, without the fancy should dictate *very small* intermediate bunches. Then have your glue very thin (Spaulding's would do for this), put on a coat of it upon the bare part of the frame, and sprinkle some mustard seed upon it, not so thick as to entirely hide the black ground work. Fill up all the vacancies in this way, and when it is thoroughly dry and firm, give it a good coat of the shellac, and when that is dry, a couple of coats of Demar varnish.

EMBROIDERY.

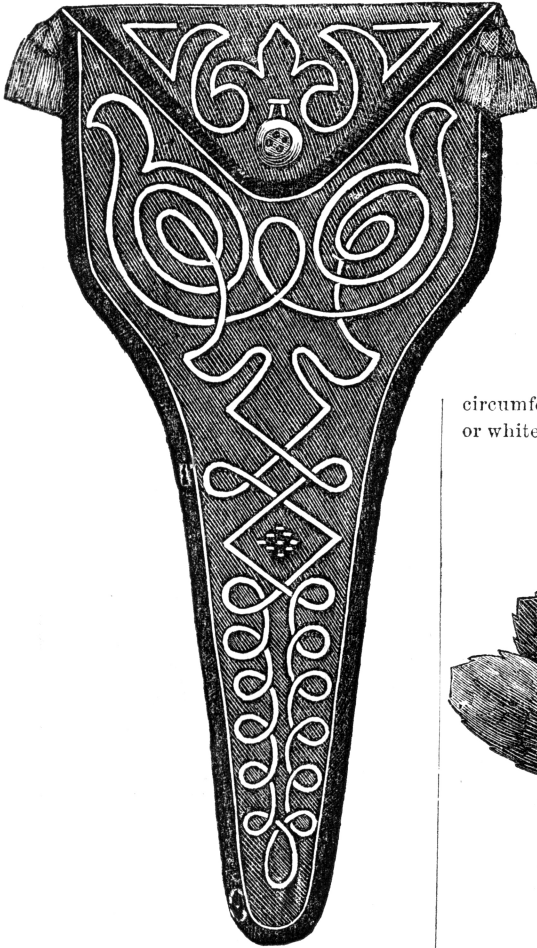


DARNING PATTERN FOR NETTING WORK, SUITABLE FOR TIDIES, BEDSPREADS, OR TABLE COVERS.



SCISSORS CASE.

MADE of fine morocco, and braided with scarlet braid. The edge is bound with nar-



row braid. Two small scarlet tassels ornament each side; scarlet button to fasten the pointed flap down.

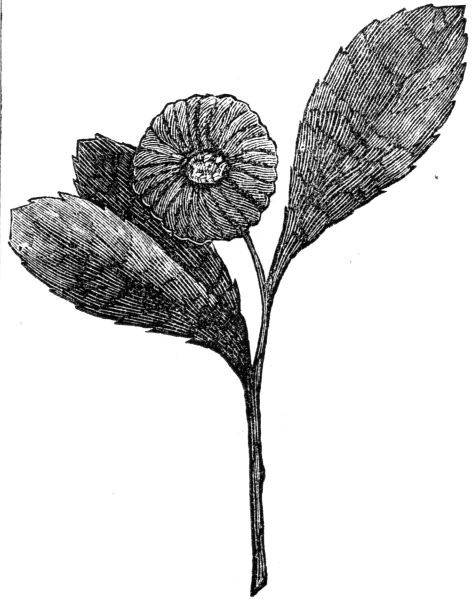
FLOWERS IN WOOL.

THE DAISY.

Materials.—White wool, yellow silk, &c.

We begin by explaining the heart of this flower. It may be worked in two different ways. First process: Cut a round in cardboard about one-third of an inch in circumference; cross it twice in the middle, at regular distances, with a piece of wire, the two ends

of which must come out on the same side; twist them together to form the stem; spread some diluted gum on the surface of the cardboard, and throw over it a little oatmeal, dyed with saffron, or yellow wool cut in very tiny bits. Second process: Take a piece of wire, fold one of its ends so as to form a small round, fold back the other end of wire to form the stem, and place the small circle *exactly* over the stem, then cover over the circle with yellow silk or fine wool, always passing from one side to the other, as in darning. Roll green wool over the stem, and place round the heart a double fringe of white wool, *not cut*; this fringe is made on a mesh about one inch in circumference; it can be tied either with wire or white thread. We will complete the expla-



nations given above by describing different ways of mounting the green paper leaves on the stem. First process: Wrap a piece of wire longer than the leaf with some green tissue paper; cover this paper with a thick dissolution of gum; press this stem on the wrong side of the leaf in its whole length, and leave it to dry. Second process: Place the wire along the leaf on the wrong side; fix it by gumming over it a narrow stripe of tissue paper. Press down the paper very tightly, and leave it to dry;

then roll green paper over the wire and the stem of the flower to form the principal stem. If you cut out your leaves yourself, you should leave to each a small stem cut out in the paper. Third process: Take a piece of wire, fold it in two, and cover a part of it with green silk; insert a needle in the middle vein of the leaf, about half an inch distant from its lower edge; draw one of the ends of the wire through, so that there may be one piece *under* and one piece *over* the leaf; gum over it a small strip of green paper. This last process can only be used for somewhat long leaves, because it would not keep them sufficiently firm, and would prevent their being bent in the required direction.

THE VIOLET.

Materials.—Purple and green single Berlin wool; gold or steel beads.

Each of the five petals of the violet is made separately, like the petals of the rose, but without using a piece of cardboard. Take a piece of purple wool, arrange it in a round, or rather an *oval*, shape by turning it several times; then cross it in both directions with a piece of very fine purple silk. Our illustration

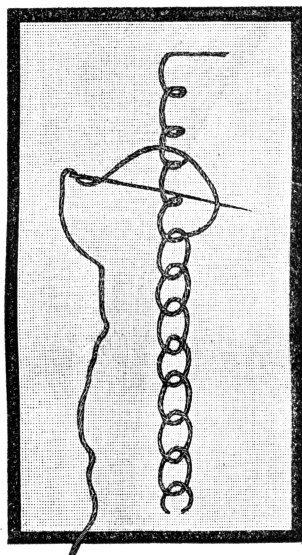


of the violet shows the dimensions of the petals; the middle one of the lower petals is rather longer than the others. To form the heart of this flower take a small gold bead, thread it on a piece of wire, twist the ends of the wire under the bead, and place under the bead a small tuft of green wool, which fasten

round the wire; sew the petals of the flower on to this tuft, then roll green wool round the ends of the wire for the stem.

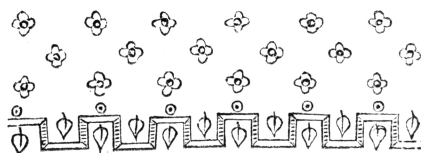
SIMPLE PATTERN IN POINT RUSSE.

This stitch, which is extremely easy to work, is especially suitable for muslin or cashmere chemisettes, and is worked in very fine wool or black silk. An endless variety of patterns can be formed with it, and all the work consists, as may be seen in our illustration, of a double row of loops. The first may be easily



done from our illustration; the second is worked about one-third of an inch from the first, in the opposite direction, always taking care to insert the needle exactly in the same place as the first row, which produces a sequence of interlaced rings on the right side, and on the wrong side two straight stitches close to one another between each double loop. For infants' and children's clothing this kind of embroidery is very suitable, and for washing frocks and pelisses might be done in very coarse cotton.

EMBROIDERY.



TAPE-WORK EDGING.

This edging, which is very quickly made, will be found extremely durable for petticoats and other articles of underclothing. The vandykes are formed by the peculiar manner in which the tape is folded, tacking it together

quickly to learn it, it is advisable to mark the tape with a pencil, as shown in the dotted lines of Fig. 1.

Commence at the left corner by turning the tape over in front, pass it to the back, keeping it in the same position as the half of the third vandyke; then fold the tape over in

Fig. 1.

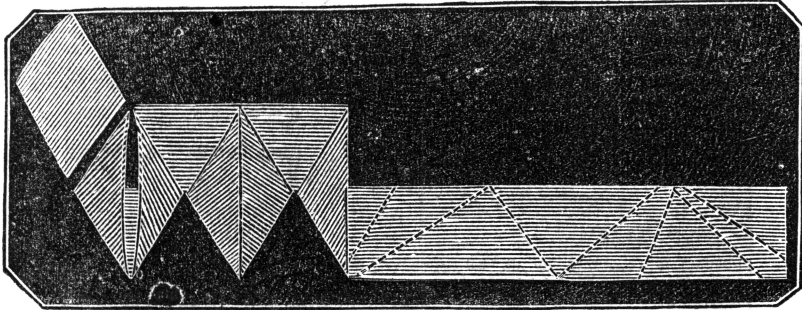
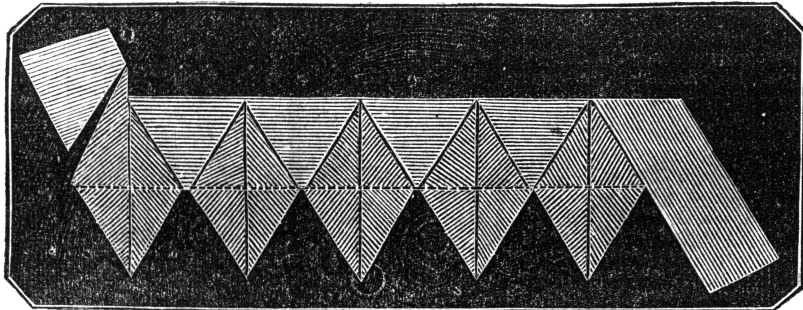


Fig. 2.



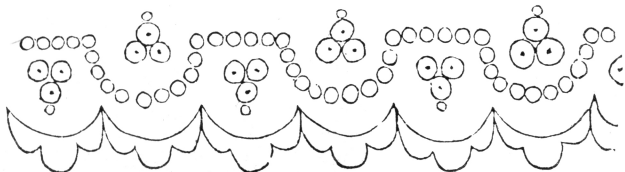
with a needle and thread as the work proceeds; after which a row of stitching is made down the centre, which is easily done with any sewing-machine. The width of the edging can be varied according to the size of the tape.

The materials are Tape, No. 4; and for the stitching, sewing-machine thread, No. 30.

The illustrated diagrams describe the manner in which the tape is folded, and in order

front, at the angle described by the *second* line, then fold it over again at the first line, which forms the other half of the vandyke; then turn the tape down in front, in the same position as the right side of Fig. 2, and repeat from the commencement. When the required length is made, the row of stitching is to be worked along the centre of the vandykes, as Fig. 2.

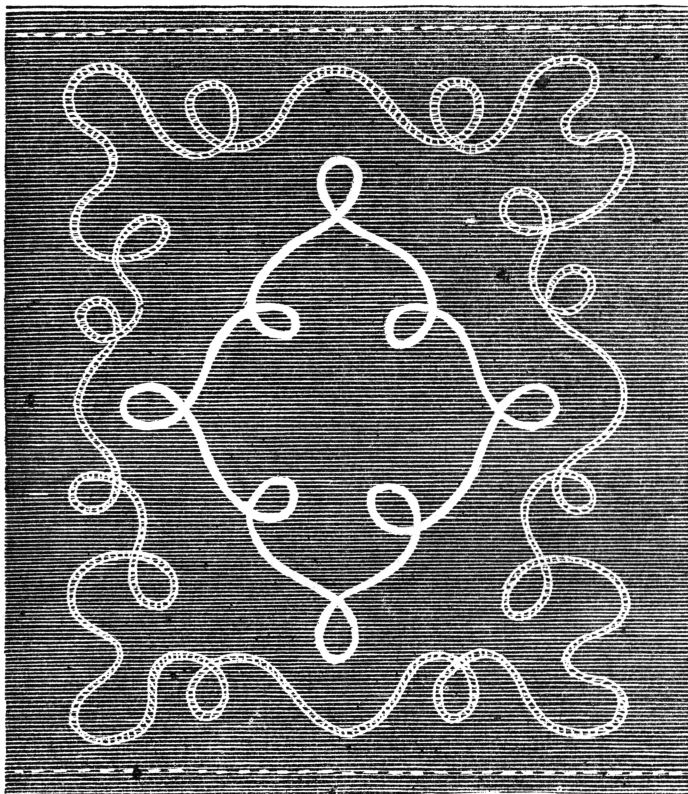
EMBROIDERY.



PEN-WIPER.

THIS pen-wiper, of a new construction, will be found to possess the advantage of wiping the pen without any risk of soiling the fingers. It requires four thicknesses of fine ladies'

the small pieces of cloth that can be cut off between the heels of a pair of braided slippers are often large enough for this article. The four thicknesses are stitched together up both ends, about a quarter of an inch from the edge, and thus the sides are left open for the



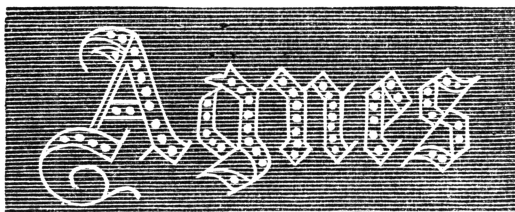
cloth, or two of cloth and two of some soft woollen material that will absorb ink readily. The braid pattern should be of two contrasting colors. Green and Magenta on claret cloth look well, or a piece of blue velvet *appliqué* inside the centre braid, which should in that case be gold, and the outer one light blue;

insertion of the pen. A little plaited braid attached to one corner is sometimes convenient with which to tie it to the desk, as they are often most troublesome things in the way of never being producible at the moment they are required.

INITIAL LETTER.

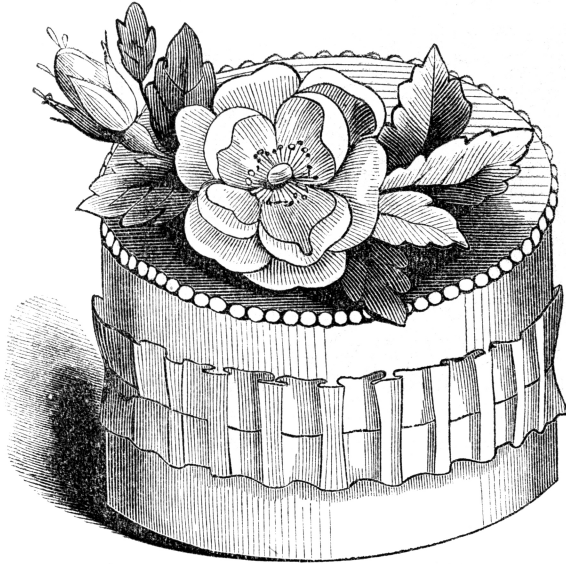


NAME FOR MARKING.



LAMP CAP.

THESE little articles are of great utility in preserving lamps from the injurious effect of dust, and they are likewise ornamental when



the lamp is not in use. Our illustration shows the effect of this cap when completed, which

is very pretty, and most easy to make. A strip of green cloth or velvet, about two inches and a half in depth, and seven inches long, must be joined up; a true circle must then be cut out the right size to fit into the top, in card-board; this must then be covered with the cloth or velvet, whichever material is used, and sewn in to fit neatly; a row of gold or steel beads is then sewn on all round. A quilling of narrow ribbon to match in color is then carried round the band, and the top is completed with a little bunch of artificial flowers. A small deep rose, with a bud and a few leaves, has a very pretty effect, or any smaller flowers are equally ornamental.

A few of these caps, made of different bright colors, are very suitable for presenting to any charitable bazaar when a trifling offering is wished to be made, as on these occasions small things which have any purpose are often sold,

when elaborate and expensive productions are sometimes left on hand.

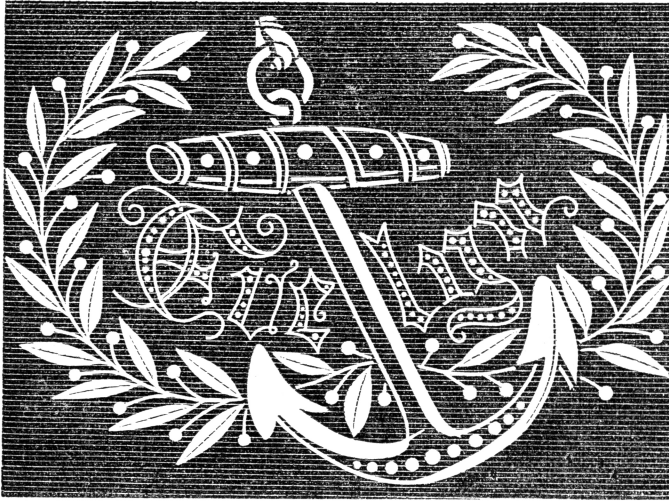
FANCY LETTERS FOR MARKING.



DESIGN FOR NAVAL TABLE LINEN.

WORKED in satin-stitch, with Nos. 20 and

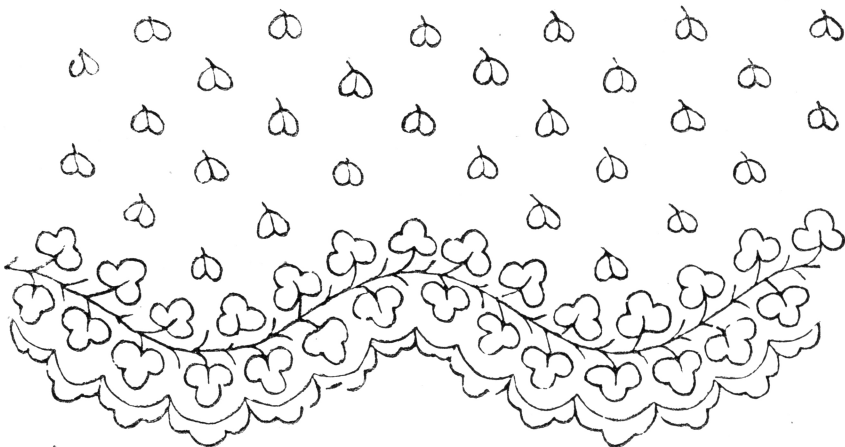
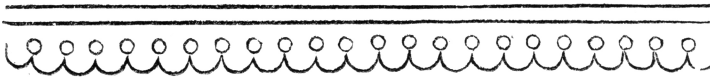
sign may also be embroidered in colored silk, to form the centre of a cushion, or it may be executed on a small square of silk or satin,



30 cotton. It makes a pretty variety to work the name in scarlet ingrain cotton, as it is shown with more distinctness. The same de-

and laid on to the centre of a square of canvas, the wool work being done in the usual manner.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

ROAST VEAL, STUFFED.—A piece of the shoulder, breast, or chump-end of the loin of veal, is the cheapest part for you, and whichever of these pieces you may happen to buy should be seasoned with the following stuffing: To eight ounces of bruised crum of bread add four ounces of chopped suet, shallot, thyme, marjoram, and winter savory, all chopped fine; two eggs, pepper and salt to season; mix all these ingredients into a firm, compact kind of paste, and use this stuffing to fill a hole or pocket which you will have cut with a knife in some part of the piece of veal, taking care to fasten it in with a skewer. A piece of veal weighing four pounds would require rather more than an hour to cook it thoroughly before a small fire.

HOW TO BOIL BEEF.—Put the beef into your three or four gallon pot, three parts filled with cold water, and set it on the fire to boil; remove all the scum that rises to the surface, and then let it boil gently. When the meat has boiled an hour, and is about half done, add the parsnips in a net, and at the end of another half hour put in the cabbages, also in a net. A piece of beef weighing five or six pounds will require about two hours' gentle boiling to cook it thoroughly. The dumplings may, of course, be boiled with the beef, etc.

POTATO SOUP.—Peel and chop four onions, and put them into a gallon saucepan, with two ounces of dripping fat, or butter, or a bit of fat bacon; add rather better than three quarts of water, and set the whole to boil on the fire for ten minutes; then throw in four pounds of peeled and sliced up potatoes, pepper and salt, and, with a wooden spoon, stir the soup on the fire for about twenty-five minutes, by which time the potatoes will be done to a pulp, and the soup ready for dinner or breakfast.

ONION SOUP.—Chop fine six onions, and fry them in a gallon saucepan, with two ounces of butter or dripping fat, stirring them continuously until they become of a very light color; then add six ounces of flour or oatmeal, and moisten with three quarts of water; season with pepper and salt, and stir the soup while boiling for twenty minutes, and when done, pour it out into a pan or bowl containing slices of bread.

ROAST FOWL.—First, draw the fowl, reserving the gizzard and liver to be tucked under the wings; truss the fowl with skewers, and tie it to the end of a skein of worsted, which is to be fastened to a nail stuck in the chimney-piece so that the fowl may dangle rather close to the fire, in order to roast it. Baste the fowl, while it is being roasted, with butter or some kind of grease, and when nearly done, sprinkle it with a little flour and salt, and allow the fowl to attain a bright yellow-brown color before you take it up. Then place it on its dish, and pour some brown gravy over it.

BROWN GRAVY FOR THE FOWL.—Chop up an onion, and fry it with a sprig of thyme and a bit of butter; and when it is brown, add a good teaspoonful of moist sugar and a drop of water, and boil all together on the fire until the water is reduced, and the sugar begins to bake of a dark brown color. It must then be stirred on the fire for three minutes longer; after which moisten it with half a pint of water; add a little pepper and salt, boil all together for five minutes, and strain the gravy over the fowl, etc.

BUTTERED SWEDISH TURNIPS.—Swedish turnips yield more substance than the ordinary turnips. Let them be peeled, boiled in plenty of water, and when done, mashed with a little milk, butter, pepper, and salt.

FRIED CABBAGE AND BACON.—First, boil the cabbage, and when done and drained free from water, chop it up. Next fry some rashers of bacon, and when done, lay them on a plate before the fire; put the chopped cabbage in the frying-pan, and fry it with the fat from the bacon; then put this on a dish with the rashers upon it.

OYSTER OMELET.—Allow for every six large oysters or twelve small ones one egg. Remove the hard part, and mince the remainder of the oyster very fine; take, say, the yolks of eight and the white of four eggs, beat them until very light, then mix in the oysters with a little pepper, and beat all up thoroughly; put in the frying-pan a gill of butter, and move it about until it melts; when the butter boils in the pan, skim it and turn in the omelet, stir it until it begins to stiffen, fry it a light brown, lift the edge carefully, and slip a round-pointed knife under; do not let it be overdone, but as soon as the under side is a light brown turn it on to a very hot plate; never fold this omelet over; it will make it heavy. If you want to brown it highly, you can hold a red-hot shovel over it.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

BOSTON CREAM CAKES.—Take a quart of new milk, and set it on the fire to boil. Moisten four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour with three tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Separate four eggs and beat them up well; add to the yolks five *heaping* tablespoonfuls of sifted loaf-sugar; when the milk is hot—on the point of boiling—stir in the moistened flour; let it thicken, but not boil. Now stir up the whites and yolks of the eggs together; beat them up and stir to them a little of the hot milk, and then stir them into the whole quart of milk. Let it boil for three minutes, add the grated rind and the juice of one lemon to it, and set it away to cool. You must now proceed to make the paste. Take a pint of sifted flour and a quarter of a pound of butter (fresh, of course); place it over hot water till the butter melts, add a quart of milk, and stir in three-fourths of a pound of flour. Let it scald through and become cold before you beat all the lumps out into a paste; separate twelve eggs, beat them, and stir in (first the yolks, and then the whites) to the paste. Butter twenty-four round tin pans, line and cover with this paste, bake thoroughly; when cold, lift the lid, and fill up with your cream; put the edges together, and wet them with a little egg. They should be eaten the day they are made.

SOFT COOKIES.—Take one coffee-cup of butter, three of sugar, one of thick cream, and four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then add the eggs and the cream. Take a pint of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of soda; mix well and stir in to the other ingredients sufficient of it to make the paste or dough stiff enough to roll out; cut it in squares, impress with a fancy mould, and bake in a slow oven. Caraway seed and ground coriander seed are often used to flavor these biscuits called "cookies."

CAKES.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter; mix into a paste; add two tablespoonfuls of currants and one of sugar; roll them into cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

ALMOND CAKES.—One pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of bitter almonds, pounded in a small quantity of brandy, and two eggs. The cakes are not to be rolled, but made as rough as possible with a fork.

PUDDING.—The yolks of three eggs, three ounces of sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat them to a solid froth, the whites of the eggs to be beaten separately to a froth like snow; add the juice of half a lemon, and put these all together immediately into a deep tin pudding dish, and bake it ten or fifteen minutes. It rises very high, and must be served directly it is cooked. Pour round it the following sauce: Beat up well two eggs, one ounce of sugar, the juice and grated peel of half a lemon, a wineglass of white wine; stir it over the fire till it begins to rise, and pour it round the pudding quite hot. Care must be taken not to let the pudding get too deep a color. The above is only half the quantity for a large pudding.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CUSTARD.—Scrape one-quarter of a pound of the best chocolate, pour on it a teacupful of boiling water, and let it stand by the fire until it is all dissolved. Beat eight eggs light, omitting the whites of two; stir them by degrees into a quart of rich milk alternately with the chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Put the mixture into cups, and bake ten minutes.

A RICH PUDDING.—Stir a large tablespoonful of fine flour into a teacupful of new milk; then add one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs, and sufficient pounded loaf-sugar to sweeten the mixture, flavoring it with either vanilla, lemon, or almond, as desired. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and put them into a saucepan at the side of the fire; stir continually, and on no account allow the contents to boil, but only to thicken. Line a dish with puff-paste, and over it place a layer of preserves—apricots, strawberries, or raspberries, according to choice; then pour in the mixture. Whisk the whites of the eggs, so that they may be ready; put the pudding into the oven, and let it set well, then pour on the whites at the top, and sift some loaf-sugar over them. Put the pudding into the oven again, and let it bake for twenty minutes. It should be slightly brown at the top when cooked. It is eaten hot.

CHEESECAKE TO KEEP A YEAR.—Take one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs well beaten, the juice of three fine lemons, the grated rind of two, and one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

PICKELETS.—Take three pounds of flour, make a hole in the middle with your hand. Mix two spoonfuls of yeast with a little salt and as much milk as will make the flour into a light paste. Pour the milk with the yeast into the middle of the flour, and stir a little of the flour down into it; then let it stand all night, and the next morning work in all the flour, beat it well for a quarter of an hour, let it stand for an hour, take it out with a large spoon, lay it in round cakes on a board well dusted with flour, dredge flour over them, pat them with your hand, and bake them.

ROEHAMPTON CAKES.—Rub three ounces of fresh butter into one pound of flour; add one egg, well beaten, a tablespoonful of good yeast, as much new milk as will make it into a nice dough. Set it before the fire for an hour. When made into cakes, let them stand a few minutes to rise; add a little salt and loaf-sugar.

SHORT-BREAD.—For making good Scotch short-bread provide two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, four eggs, and twelve ounces of loaf-sugar, powdered very finely. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with your hand, and, by means of the eggs, convert it into a stiff paste. This must be rolled out to quite half an inch in thickness, and cut into square cakes, or round, if preferred.

The Scotch ones are generally square, and six inches in size. The edges should be pinched up to the height of about an inch, and on the top of the cake should be laid some slices of candied peel and some large caraway comfits. These are slightly pressed down so as to imbed about half of each in the cake. They must be baked in a warm oven upon iron plates.

SICK ROOM AND NURSERY.

A STRENGTHENING DRINK.—Put a teacupful of pearl barley into a saucepan with three pints of cold water, the rind of a lemon, and a small piece of cinnamon; boil the whole gently until the barley becomes tender; then strain it through a fine sieve, and sweeten with treacle, honey, or sugar.

BAKED MILK FOR CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS.—Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, tie it down with writing-paper, and, after the bread is drawn, let it stand all night in the oven; the next morning it will be the thickness of cream, and may be drunk as occasion requires.

COFFEE MILK FOR THE SICK-ROOM.—Boil a dessertspoonful of ground coffee in nearly a pint of milk a quarter of an hour; then put into it a shaving or two of isinglass, and clear it; let it boil a few minutes and set it by the side of the fire to clarify.

DRINK IN A FEVER.—No drink is more refreshing in sickness than weak green tea, into which lemon-juice is infused, instead of milk. It may be drunk either cold or hot, but the latter is the best.

BARLEY-WATER WITH HONEY.—Add the juice and rind of one lemon to one tablespoonful of honey, and two teacupfuls of barley; put it into a jug, and pour a quart of boiling water upon it.

BARLEY-WATER WITH ISINGLASS.—A tablespoonful of pearl barley, six lumps of loaf-sugar, half a lemon, and enough isinglass to clear it. Pour two quarts of boiling spring water on these ingredients, and let it stand until cold.

GLASS.

The most effectual way of rendering glass semi-opaque is with a little fluoric acid, applied with a brush; this decomposes the surface, and should be washed off when the action has been carried far enough. This is a way used by glass painters to produce a white pattern on a colored ground, in coated glass, as it is called, the coat of red or blue in this being only a thin surface on the white glass, and therefore quickly eaten away by the strong fluoric acid; but I presume your correspondent asks for some more simple means. Fine sharp emory powder and water scrubbed about, is an easy means, as long as a very finished effect is not necessary, and the scrubbing is done with the flat side of a piece of cork; an old bung will answer. A pattern, I have been told, can be easily made on this by painting the parts wished for with Canada balsam; it being remembered that this turpentine substance is very slow in becoming hard. The balsam renders the glass transparent again where it is applied, whilst the rest remains semi-opaque. A lump of glaziers' putty, daubed all over a sheet of window glass, will answer the purpose of making it opaque, and a light pattern may be produced on this with a palette knife or bit of wedge-shaped wood to remove the adhesive putty after it has been stippled all over with a hard, bristly paint-brush to draw the material into a variegated state.

If not required to be very permanent, a saturated solution of Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia) or Glauber's

salts (sulphate of soda), brushed on, will form very pretty crystallizations and ramifications as it becomes dry on the glass, and in a damp place a little white mastic varnish will protect it from the effects of the atmosphere for some time. A little Prussian blue, ground up in turpentine and added to the varnish, would give a blue cast to the glass, or a little red pigment might be used for the same purpose.

A still pleasanter way is to use a sheet of tissue paper, from which some simple pattern has been cut out with scissors; stars, at equal distances, for example; and paste this down on the sheet of glass, and varnish afterwards or not, according to taste and the degree of lasting that is required. Where smell is an objection, the emery powder would do better than the putty; but, as it requires to be rubbed hard, there would be some chance of breaking the article. If for a window where a second sheet of glass was no objection, it might be done in diaphane, and applied over the first permanent sheet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO CLEAN CUT GLASS.—Having washed cut glass articles, let them thoroughly dry, and afterwards rub them with prepared chalk and a soft brush, carefully going into all the flutings and cavities.

TO PREVENT THE FORMATION OF CRUST UPON THE INSIDE OF TEAKETTLES.—Put into the teakettle a flat oyster-shell, and keep it constantly there; it will attract the stony particles that are in the water to itself, and prevent their forming upon the teakettle.

TO RESTORE FADED ROSES.—Throw some sulphur on a chafing-dish of hot coals, hold a faded rose over the flames of the hot sulphur, and it will become quite white; in this state dip it into water; put it into a box or drawer for three or four hours; when taken out, it will be quite red again.

MEANS OF PREVENTING GLASS FROM CRACKING BY HEAT.—If the chimney glass of a lamp be cut with a diamond on the convex side, it will never crack, as the incision affords room for the expansion produced by the heat, and the glass, after it is cool, returns to its original shape, with only a scratch visible where the cut is made.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Apply a piece of linen, saturated in olive oil, to the corns night and morning, and let it remain on them during the day; it will be found to prove a slow but certain cure; they will wear out of the toe, and some of the corns may be picked out after the oil has been used for a time; but care should be taken not to irritate the toe.

Another.—First soak the feet in warm water; then, with a rough file, for cutting is very injurious, remove the hard skin; after this, apply iodine with a paint brush. This should be repeated till the patient sees an improvement.

GUM ARABIC STARCH.—Get two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness to which nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

A SAFE COSMETIC.—There are so many preparations now sold under the name of cosmetics which are certain to produce injurious effects that we would strongly recommend our readers to be extremely cautious in using them.

The following simple infusion will be found not only perfectly safe, but really advantageous for the purpose: Scrape a root of horseradish into a pint of milk, and let it stand two or three hours in a cool oven. Use this milk after washing the face, when it will be found one of the best, as well as the safest of cosmetics.

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whisky, instead of water; put both together in a bottle, cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and it is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitted tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is an excellent cement for leather.

FOR GINGER WINE.—To every gallon of water put nearly three pounds of loaf-sugar, two lemons, and two ounces of the best ginger, bruised. Boil the sugar and water for half an hour, skimming it; then pour it on the rinds of the lemons and the ginger. When the liquor is milk-warm, squeeze in the juice of the lemons, and put in it a little yeast at the same time. Let it work for two or three days; then put it into a cask, closely stopped, for six weeks. Bottle it with one gallon of brandy to twelve gallons of wine. The pulp of the ginger and lemons must be put into the cask with a little isinglass, to fine the wine; but the pips and white part of the lemons should be removed, as they make it bitter.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

NONPAREIL STICKING-PLASTER.—As I have generally found that sticking-plaster is an expensive article to purchase, if good, and one which is in frequent demand in our family households, I have been induced to prepare some myself from the following receipt, and, as it has proved an excellent one, I send it with pleasure to you: Two spoonfuls of balsam of Peru to six of isinglass, melted with very little water, and strained. Mix these well together in a small stone jar over the fire. Pin out some black Persian or sarsenet on a board, and, dipping a brush into the mixture, pass it over the silk five or six times; then hold it to the fire, but not very near, and it will soon become black and shining. M.

SWISS CAKE.—Having lately met with a very nice cake, called Swiss cake, I have the pleasure of sending the receipt for making it, as I think some of the readers of the Book may find it useful: Take butter, flour, and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon-peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rose-water or orange flower water, if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour. A HOUSEKEEPER.

HAIR-WASH.—I inclose a receipt for a hair-wash which may be useful to "A Constant Reader." We have used it for some years in our own family. One ounce powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered camphor, one quart of boiling water. When cool, pour into a bottle for use, and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week. A CONSTANT READER.

Editors' Table.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR: PHILADELPHIA.

THIS superb exhibition—unsurpassed in America, and perhaps equal to anything of the sort ever displayed in Europe—must not be passed over in a Philadelphia journal without notice. As all our citizens of every age and degree seem to have visited the Fair, any details or particular descriptions appear supererogatory; but it will perhaps be interesting at a future day to recall what gave us so much gratification during the June of '64, and the remembrance of what has been so nobly done for our sick and wounded soldiers will be an enduring source of satisfaction. Our distant readers will be not unwilling to learn something of our arrangements in this matter. Logan Square, that beautiful park—

“Where the deer and the fawn,
Lightly bounding together,
Passed the long summer-day—”

was in a marvellously short time covered with aptly constructed edifices stored with a vast collection of beautiful, rare, and homely objects—specimens of the fine and useful arts; everything was there to attract the eye, the palate, the intellect. The main entrance led into Union Avenue; there the *coup d'œil* was indescribably elegant. The nave, five hundred feet long, was surmounted by a Gothic roof, the whole length brilliant with our glorious stripes and stars; groups of arms and scutcheons of every State in the Union were interwoven with these flags, and the sun streaming through skylights, brightened every object. At the western end of the avenue the Germania orchestra was placed. From this elevated spot the view of the ever changing crowds, the machines working through the centre, the effect of light and shade, was something to make a lasting impression on the beholder. The departments of Delaware and New Jersey were on the eastern side of the square—Delaware to the north, New Jersey to the south. The beautiful arrangements of the Horticultural department cannot be too much praised. What a fairy land it seemed! The island, the lake with its sparkling jets, the rustic bridge, the lovely flowers, the choice plants! Nobody of any taste or sensibility could fail to be enchanted *there*.

In a corresponding pavilion, on the other side of the avenue, was the excellent Restaurant. The admirable manner in which this very arduous business was conducted is more than creditable to the managers and functionaries. It was really a marvel of industry and good result. The beautiful decorations of the Restaurant must not be passed over. The canopy of flags, most gracefully hung, reflected a brightness all around that gave zest to the good cheer over which they predominated. We have neither time nor space to go into detail. The Art Gallery alone would afford scope for pages. The departments of Trophies, of Relics, the Penn parlor, the Vase, the Sword, the Indians, the witty group at the Post-office, our friends of the “Daily Fare”—a volume might be written were we to do justice to all these. And in that book we would find a corner for the thousand dollar dolls, and baby-houses, such as were never seen in our republic before. But as we are only writing a sketch, instead of a book, we must close our report by saying that

this splendid burst of benevolence was worthy the CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE. We would “long keep its memory green in our souls.”

We must give Chicago the honor of having been the first to step forward in this race of humanity that has pervaded the Union. The great Fair at Chicago opened September, 1863; it produced \$78,000.

Boston followed in May; she netted \$147,000.

Brooklyn in October; sent in, clear receipts, \$400,000.

Poughkeepsie, a small city, raised \$15,000, which averaged a dollar to every inhabitant.

The great Metropolitan Fair of the City of New York, December, 1863, made a *million* net profit!

Cincinnati, December, 1863, produced \$230,000.

Pittsburg, almost coincident with our own, \$300,000.

St. Louis, nearly the same date, \$575,000.

There have also been very successful and spirited Fairs in Baltimore, Albany, Buffalo, Dubuque, Iowa, but their pecuniary results have not reached us.

Our own Fair coming after several of the others, not only was supplied with emulation by their example, but was able to take lessons from their plans, their advantages and disadvantages, in short, to profit by their experience.

We have had no *accurate* estimate of what we have made, but those who know most about the matter, think we shall fall short of New York by very little, even if we do not, of which there is much probability, reach her million.

THE BURIAL OF POMPEII.

THE burial of Pompeii beneath the ashes and lava of Mount Vesuvius, and its disentanglement during the present century, concerning which so much has been written, must ever move that sense of the marvellous whose excitement inspires in man a vague but exquisite pleasure. It is an event unique in the history of the race; such as, probably, will never again occur in all the ages of time. We need not dilate upon this aspect of the catastrophe; what we here desire to note is that, by this wonderful occurrence, we are enabled to compare the civilization of heathenism with the civilization of Christianity, setting the one side by side with the other. We have not space to enlarge upon this; but we desire to call the attention of our readers to an article in the April number of the *London Quarterly*, containing a description of the catastrophe unsurpassed in graphic power even by the novel of Bulwer. We give the opening paragraphs.

“On the 24th of August, A. D. 79—1785 years ago—when Titus ruled over the Roman Empire, a town was basking in the bright sun upon the shores of the lovely bay of Naples. Its inhabitants were following their different callings—buying and selling, feasting and mourning, fitting out their galleys for distant seas, bringing their various wares to the crowded markets, and eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights after the long interdict against such theatrical amusements under which Nero had placed their town. Wealthy Roman patricians, weary of the great city, and seeking a cooler and more wholesome air, were enjoying a grateful repose in the gay villas which covered a mountain slope amidst vineyards and gardens, and which were so thickly scat-

tered that they seemed to form but one continuous city."

* * * * *
The inhabitants, moreover, were engaged in the struggle of an election of their municipal officers. New *oedele* and *duumviri* were to be chosen for the town. Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for their favorite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The owners of the neighboring villas and the population of the villages had gathered to the town to take part in the contest, and the moment being one of public excitement, the forum, the temples, and the theatres were thronged with an eager multitude.

"Suddenly, and without any previous warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a prodigious height in the cloudless summer sky, it then gradually spread itself out like the head of some mighty Italian pine, hiding the sun and overshadowing the earth for many a league. The darkness grew into profound night, only broken by the blue and sulphurous flashes that darted from the pitchy cloud. Soon a thick rain of thin, white ashes, almost imperceptible to the touch, fell upon the land. Then quickly succeeded showers of small, hot stones mingled with heavier masses, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. After a time the sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon steaming rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain sides, and curdled through the streets, insidiously creeping into such recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. There was now no place of shelter left. No man could defend himself against this double enemy. It was too late for flight for such as had remained behind. Those who had taken refuge in the innermost parts of the houses, or in the subterranean passages were closed up forever. Those who had sought to flee through the streets were clogged by the small, loose pumice-stones, which lay many feet deep, or were entangled and overwhelmed in the mud-streams, or were struck down by the rocks that fell from the heavens. If they escaped these dangers, blinded by the drifting ashes and groping in the dark, not knowing which way to go, they were overcome by the sulphurous vapors, and sinking on the highways were soon buried beneath the volcanic matter. Even many who had gained the open country at the beginning of the eruption were overtaken by the darkness and falling cinders, and perished miserably in the fields, or on the sea-shore, where they had vainly sought the means of flight.

"In three days the doomed town had disappeared. It lay beneath a vast mass of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent eruptions, occurring at intervals during eighteen centuries, added fresh materials. Gradually above them there accumulated, from year to year, the rich vegetable mould, formed from the volcanic soil, in which were again tended the vine and the olive tree.

"Such is the tale of the fall of this celebrated town, as written in its ruins brought to light in our days."

SUFFERINGS OF ENGLISH SEWING-GIRLS.

SINCE Hood's "Song of the Shirt" we have seen nothing more touching in its graphic power, than the following pen-and-ink picturings of the milliners and dressmakers in London. The comic view is even more sad than the pitying tone of Hood.—Eds. *LADY'S BOOK*.

"OUR SUFFOCATED SEAMSTRESSES.—There are no slaves in England—oh, dear, no, certainly not. It is true we make our milliners work fifteen hours a day, and twenty-four upon emergencies; but then of course you know their labor is quite voluntary. That is to say, the girls—we beg pardon, the 'young ladies' who slave—we mean to say, who serve in these establishments, are obliged, that is, 'expected,' to do what is required of them; and this means, as we have said, to work for fifteen hours a day, and to work all day and night whenever press of business calls for it. This is the trade rule, which has but very few exceptions, and the slaves, that is, apprentices, are 'expected' to conform to it. But then, of course, you know there's no compulsion in the matter. This is a free country, and the 'ladies' who 'assist' at our great millinery establishments of course are quite at liberty to leave off working when they like, only if they do so they

must also leave their places. And as they most of them are orphans, and have no one to look after them, and see no likelihood elsewhere of getting easier employment, they seldom find the courage to resort to this alternative, and so—quite willingly, of course—they submit to being worked to death instead of being starved to it.

"For, bless you, yes, our slaves—we *should* say our young ladies—have the best of food provided them, and, as far as mere good living goes, there's no fear of their dying. Perhaps they don't get turtle soup and venison as a rule, but of wholesome beef and mutton they've as much as they can eat—in fact, a good deal more, for they have not much time for eating. The only food they are short of is the food that feeds the lungs, and for want of this it happens, now and then, that they are suffocated. After working all day long in close and crowded rooms, they sleep two in a bed, with the beds jammed close together; and so they *should* get used to stifling, for they have certainly enough of it. But, somehow, now and then they are found dead in their beds, in spite of all the care that has been taken for their comfort. It is very ungrateful of them, to say the very least; because when such mishaps occur, there is sure to be a fuss made at that stupid coroner's inquest. And then their dear, good, kind employers, of whom they always speak so well (as do schoolboys of their masters in the usual holiday letter)—these tender-hearted Christians, or Hebrews, it may be, are called all sorts of horrid names, and almost accused of manslaughter! But, poor, dear, injured men, how can they help such accidents? Why, m'm, they take the greatest care of their young people, and always have a doctor handy for emergencies. Yes, m'm, fresh air is the thing, but how are you to get it? Rents, you know, m'm, is hawful 'igh, and every hinch of 'ouserom is uncommon precious. We do hev'rything we can, m'm, we do assure you that we does, and as far as morals go, combined with every hother luxury, our young ladies is most comfortable; you may take our honest word for it. But you see, m'm, there's a deal of competition now in trade, and when one 'ires expensive 'ouses, one 'as to make the most of 'em. And so you see, m'm, our young ladies *must* sleep pretty thick; but for cleanliness and comfort their rooms is quite a pictur!"

MY DOVE.

BY MRS. HALE.

Be still, my heart! Why break with sorrow?—

White rose-buds kiss his pure, pale face;

A little nest is made—to-morrow

My dove will find safe resting-place.

How sweet he'll sleep, from sins unspotted,—

Christ's blood hath washed out Adam's sin;—

He'll sleep till the Great Day allotted,

Then cherub wings will stir within.

Th' Archangel's Trump, the thunder groanings,

Heaven's light, that blackens moon and sun;

Stars falling, Nature's fearful moanings,

Proclaim that Time his work has done!

The world's wide field of graves, Death's prison,

Now yawns and yields all secrets dread;

Till space seems strangled with the risen,

As Earth and Sea give up their dead!

Then, my sweet dove, thy mother'll meet thee,

And see Love's whitest vesture given,

And hear the KING or GLORY greet thee—

"My own, my jewel, meet for heaven."

EXCERPTA.

"A STORY was set afloat of a nurse in the hospital at Balaklava (whose mental weakness was that of high birth and ancient lineage) that she was once haranguing one of her patients upon the subject of ancient descent, when the conversation waxed fast and furious. The patient, very weak from talking, thought he would end the business by saying that *his* family came out of the ark with Noah. 'Oh! did they?' continued the lady, 'but to convince you of the superiority of my ancestors to yours, I beg to inform you, sir, that *they had a boat of their own at the Deluge!*'"

"FOR me I thank the stars I am not great;
For if there ever come a grief to me,
I cry my cry in silence, and have done.
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good;
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud."

TENNYSON.

"LEGRAND, who was both an actor and an author, but a man of short and disagreeable figure, after playing some tragic part in which he had been ill received, came forward and addressed the house thus: 'In short, *gentlemen and ladies*, you must see that it is easier for you to accuse yourself to my figure, than for me to change it.'"

"OWLS," said the Doctor, "can do nothing but look wise."

WE are indebted to *The Knickerbocker* for the following handsome compliment to woman. In the name of all the readers of the *Lady's Book* we thank the writer for this expression of noble sentiments.—EDS. OF LADY'S BOOK.

THE THEORY OF SMALL MEN.

"It is a curious fact that a large majority of distinguished men, whether in the field, the cabinet, the rostrum, the forum, or in the illimitable arena of arts and sciences, have been under sized; few have been of lofty stature. Who can account for this but on the hypothesis that they were perfect copies, even to the physique of the mother nature. A Teuton was asked how he came to have so feminine a face? "Because my moder was a woman," responded honest Hans.

"If we examine the early histories of eminent men, we find that they nearly all received their early training from women; we shall find that the subtle essence that thrilled into life their dormant powers, emanated from the soul of woman—mother or instructor. St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Louis IX of France, and the Wesleys, are brilliant specimens of the mother's training. In the eyes of woman depreciators, it must appear an odd freak to constitute women the brain-moulders of monarchs and statesmen; such, nevertheless, was frequently the case.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—The lady who "wishes to know where she can find the most elegant photograph albums" may send to the establishment of Wm. S. & Alfred Martien, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS.

"DEAR BROTHER GLENN: I have got the prettiest little mound of moss you ever saw, I guess. You see, Mary and I went out in the country this morning with Aunt Anna, and brought home a basket of such nice moss, and it was a pity to let it all get wasted for the want of a nice place to put it. So I set myself to think what I should do with it, and I thought of the bricks that lay scattered around the back yard; so I fetched ten of them in front of

the north porch, and set them up on the side in a round ring, and filled them with dirt, and set some myrtle in the centre, and then put the moss all over the dirt. And then I went down cellar and found some lime, and I whitewashed the bricks, and then strewed white pebbles over the top of the moss; and I am so proud of it, because I made it all myself."

Thus writes my little sister Ritta, eleven years old, to me, and as I thought it must be very pretty, perhaps some of the readers of the *Lady's Book* would like to make one, so I send you her description of it.

Yours truly, GLENN W.

P. S. I will send you extracts from her letters now and then, if you like. [Send.]

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES.

By W. W. Hall, A. M., M. D., New York.

"THERE is no necessary reason why men should not generally live to the full age of threescore years and ten in health and comfort; that they do not do so is because

*They consume too much food and too little pure air.
They take too much medicine and too little exercise.*

And when, by inattention to these things, they become diseased, they die chiefly, not because such disease is necessarily fatal, but because the symptoms which nature designs to admonish of its presence are disregarded until too late for remedy. And in no class of ailments are delays so uniformly attended with fatal results as in affections of the throat and lungs. However terrible may have been the ravages of the Asiatic cholera in this country, I know of no locality where, in the course of a single year, it destroyed ten per cent. of the population. Yet, taking England and the United States together, twenty per cent. of the mortality is every year from diseases of the lungs alone. Amid such a fearful fatality no one dares to say that he shall certainly escape, while every one, without exception, will most assuredly suffer, either in his own person or in that of some one near and dear to him, by this same universal scourge. No man, then, can take up these pages who is not interested to the extent of life and death in the important inquiry: *What can be done to mitigate this great evil?* It is not the object of this publication to answer that question, but to act it out, and the first great essential step thereto is to impress upon the common mind, in language adapted to common readers, a proper understanding of the first symptoms of these ruthless diseases."

We have selected the above from *Hall's Journal of Health* for July, in order to induce our readers to examine the number. They will find the whole subject discussed, and directions for treatment. The treatise should be in every mother's hands. Price 12 cts. Address Dr. Hall, 40, Irving Place, New York.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These are accepted: "Lines addressed to one who believed not in love"—"The Baby Sleepeth"—"Morning Calls Me"—"Dewdrops"—"A Kissable Face"—"My First Attempt"—and "Flowers in a Sick-room."

We have no room for the following: "When a Child"—"To Ella" (we should like to oblige the writer, but cannot spare the space)—"Composition on the subject of poetry"—"Spring"—"Retribution"—"To Mattie S."—"Farewell Words"—"Railway Proposal"—"A Fragment"—"The Dying Soldier's Retrospect"—"Written upon seeing the portrait of a boy reclining wearily on his drum" (we have not room for such a long poem)—"A Reconnoissance in Force" (the *Lady's Book* is not the place for battles, but we thank "Potomac" for his compliment)—"Sam's Revenge"—"Nora Lansing"—"Nervousness"—"Mr. Wellington's Daughter"—"Joy in Sorrow"—"Models"—"Coarse and Vulgar"—and "The Joy to Come."

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SELF-SACRIFICE. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." One of the best of Mrs. Oliphant's excellent books. The story is of a young man who, to shield his friend from the consequences of a murder committed accidentally, takes all the blame upon himself, and lives an exile, supposed to be dead, for many years, until the death of his friend and the publication of the truth allow him to return. Mrs. Catharine and little Alice are favorite characters with the author, and we have seen their counterparts in other works of hers.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vol. IV. The excellence and interest of this work do not diminish as it progresses. It gives the clearest insight into the political and social history of the Romans of any work of the kind we have ever examined. The historical portion of the volume before us concludes with the death of Augustus.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SAVAGE AFRICA: Being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa. By W. Winwood Reade, Fellow of the Geographical and Anthropological Societies of London, etc. With illustrations and a map. All books relating to Africa are eagerly welcomed by the public, who are earnest to glean facts and even theories relating to this yet comparatively unknown country. The author of the work before us deals plentifully in both facts and theories. His book treats of the habits of the gorilla; on the existence of unicorns and tailed men; on the slave trade; on the origin, character, and capabilities of the negro, and on the future civilization of western Africa. It is the result of an extended tour through the portions of Africa above mentioned, and is chiefly compiled from letters written home at intervals. The style is easy, familiar, and lively.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In four vols. Vol. IV. Every one reads Carlyle, if for no other reason than on account of his original style and quaint expressions. His history of Frederick the Great, brought to a close in the present volume, is a valuable work. It is full and accurate in all the particulars of the career of that monarch, and its reliability is vouched for in the copious quotations from every known authority. This volume contains a steel engraving of Frederike Sophie Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bareuth.

GUIDE-BOOK OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY, and its Connections through the Coal Fields of Pennsylvania. If we are not mistaken, this guide-book will be in great demand among travellers through the portion of country which it describes. It is carefully prepared, and contains many excellent illustrations of points of interest. The publication of such a book is a happy thought, and we shall be surprised if other roads do not follow the example of the New Jersey Central, and issue similar volumes.

DENIS DUVAL. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," "Philip," etc. With illustrations.

tions. This is the work upon which Thackeray was last engaged, and which his sudden and untimely death left incomplete. It promised to be the most vigorous of his works, and unfinished as it is, its wit, its wisdom, its quaint conceits, its kindly sentiments, and its occasional satire all have their worth, so that it will not fail to find a place upon the library shelf beside the other works of the great English humorist.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN; or, Woman Affranchised. An answer to Michelet, Proudhon, Girardin, Legouvé, Compté, and other modern innovators. By Madame D'Héricourt. Translated from the last Paris edition. One does not need to subscribe to all that this book advocates to enjoy its perusal. Madame D'Héricourt is a keen, shrewd woman, and she handles her opponents severely, holding up the mawkish sentimentality of Michelet to just ridicule, and so utterly demolishing the premises of Proudhon that he is left no place to stand. Much that she says relates only to French laws and French customs, and can find no application with us; but the general principles she lays down, though too broad, perhaps, to meet with unqualified approval, are yet worthy of consideration.

OUT IN THE WORLD. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Light on Shadowed Paths," etc. For tenderness, delicacy, and truthfulness, Mr. Arthur has no superior as an author. He is the most widely known of American writers; and we doubt if there are many homes in the land, whether cottage or mansion, among whose literary stores will not be found some touching story from his pen, whose well-worn exterior bears evidence of its frequent use. "Out in the World" is one of the most superior of his works, and is fraught with lessons of mutual kindness and forbearance to husbands and wives.

HOTSPUR. A Tale of the Old Dutch Manor. By Mansfield T. Walworth, author of "Lulu." We must thank the author, as well as the publishers, for a copy of this work. It is an entertaining story of American life, written in a highly poetical style, but with an exuberance of imagination and a redundancy of adjectives and adverbs which the author, when time and practice shall have corrected his faults, will learn it is better to suppress somewhat.

From FRANK H. DODD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. A beautiful little edition, in green and gold, of a collection of tales, based upon various plays of Shakspeare's, which has so long received the approbation of the reading world as to render unnecessary further comment or criticism by us. Though prepared ostensibly for the young, they will not be found out of place in the hands of older people.

From DERBY & MILLER, New York:—

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN: Including his Speeches, Letters, Addresses, Proclamations, and Messages. With a preliminary sketch of his life. By Henry J. Raymond. This somewhat premature appearance of a history of an administration not yet ended, may be accounted for, perhaps, by the effect it is intended to have in the coming Presidential election. It is carefully prepared, and we believe perfectly reliable account of one of the most eventful and

momentous administrations since the establishment of our government. The future biographer of President Lincoln and his times will be largely indebted to it. It is embellished by an excellent steel engraving of our President, a most accurate likeness, copied from a photograph by Brady.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE GOLD HUNTERS' ADVENTURES; or, *Life in Australia*. By a returned Australian. Illustrated by Champney. We have read this book with great relish. Our traveller and his friend meet with a great many perilous adventures, and perform wonderful exploits, while fighting with bushrangers, and seeking for hidden treasure. It is a book which will charm every one who has the least taste for traveller's stories.

SISTER SUSY. By Sophie May. This is the second book of the "Little Prudy" series of children's stories, and is eminently suited to meet the literary wants of the little ones.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

A MEMOIR OF THE CHRISTIAN LABORS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL. D. By Francis Wayland. This unpretending volume of 258 pages does not profess to be a biography, but simply to present, in a concise and lucid narrative, the progress and results of his pastoral and philanthropic labors. It displays an aspect of his character which is in danger of being overlooked and forgotten in his fame as a pulpit orator and theologian. From its size and price, this book will be accessible to many whom Dr. Hanna's voluminous biography would never reach. It will prove an invaluable book for family reading.

THE MEMORIAL HOUR; or, *The Lord's Supper, in its Relations to Doctrine and Practice*. By Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D. "The design of this work is strictly doctrinal—to deepen in the hearts of the readers, with the Divine blessing, a sense of the value of the Memorial Ordinance." The name of the author is the best guarantee for its success.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS; or, *Christ Discovered in His True Character by a Unitarian*. A record of the experience through which a Unitarian minister was led to abandon the vague doctrines of his sect for the stable foundations of orthodox belief.

The paper and binding of all are excellent.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

GODEY for September opens with a beautiful line engraving—"Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balm Sleep." A perfect home picture.

Our Fashion-plate contains the usual six figures of the fashions as they are. Our Fashion editor discourses upon the matter most eloquently in her department.

Children's dresses—always a pleasing subject for mothers—will be found in the commencement of the number. Also a beautiful evening-dress. The Home Jacket, front and side view; Fashionable Bonnets; Silk Paletot for a young lady, are also some of the attractions of the number.

Brodie furnishes us a very pretty engraving of one of his peculiar specialties.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—We are much indebted to our fair friend of Oxford, O., for fair she must be, for her present of two beautiful pocket handkerchiefs, with our name tastefully marked on them in cross-stitch. Our lady folks think that her eyes must be as sharp as her needle, to do cross-stitch on so fine a material. Why did she not send her card with the present that we might know to whom we were so gratefully indebted?

CAPE MAY RAILROAD.—The trains over this road make excellent time, and are well conducted. The road is by no means an unpleasant one, as you are for nearly one fourth of the way near the shore, and parallel with it. The sea breezes from the Cape can be felt at some distance.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The twentieth session of this school will commence in September, 1864.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

"THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE: A Pearl Collection. By William E. Pabor. This is the title of a little volume of poems to be published during the fall season. It will contain the 'Pearls' published in Godey's Lady's Book for the current year, and be issued in the 'blue and gold' style at present so popular with the public."

We extract the above from an exchange, and we can promise the public a rich treat. Mr. Pabor is one of our rising poets, and he is bound to make his mark.

S. P. BORDEN'S EXCELSIOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—We have so often called the attention of our readers to these stamps that we will simply say, there should be a set in every town in the country. Ladies will find stamping a very pleasant and profitable business, and they will do well to send for a few dozens of S. P. Borden's stamps. Pattern book, Inking cushion, and full printed instructions accompany each order, free of charge. Price \$6 per dozen.

Address Borden & Biggers, Massillon, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.; or the following agents: J. W. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. M. Newit, Chicopee, Mass.; A. J. Brooks, No. 838 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. D. M. Worden, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. S. Livensperger, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. E. Kelly, No. 347 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, Indianapolis, Ind.

NEEDLES.—Owing to the great increase in price, we can no longer take orders for needles. The wholesale price is now greater than we retail them for. If they should ever get lower, we will announce our renewal of sales.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE very pretty little Home Schottische which we publish in this number of the Book is an abridgment of the original copy, as we had not the room to publish it entire. As will be seen below, it is now published in sheet form, complete, and our friends can have copies sent to them by mail, on receipt of price, 30 cents each.

New Sheet Music.—O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish *La Danza d'Amore* (The Dance of Love), a charming composition in the waltz movement, with Italian and English words, 35 cents. The President's Hymn, by Dr. Muhlenberg, and The Banner of the Sea, by Covert, two fine patriotic songs, each 30. Slumber Song, by Taubert, English and German words, 25. Also Chanson à Boire (Drinking Song), without words, by Leybach, for good players, 50. Cousin et Cousine (The Cousins), Schottische Elegante, by Jules Egghard, 40; this, especially, is a beautiful piece, showy and not difficult, and calculated to please all players. Alexandra, one of the latest and best of Brinley Richards' fine nocturnes, 35. Warblings at Noon, by the same favorite composer, 40; this fine piece should be owned by all who admire the Warblings at Eve.

Wm. Hall & Son, New York, publish the following fine list of new songs and ballads, each 30 cents: My Beautiful, My Own, song and chorus, by Tiller. Hy Home on the Mountain Side, spirited and graceful song. Come Within these Silent Bowers, beautiful song, by C. Hatch Smith. A Sweet Brier Rose is my Mollie, written for and sung by Mrs. Jennie Kempton, by Holder. Love Brings Beauty with it, same composer. Let me Die Face to the Foe, patriotic song, by same. The Road to Richmond, celebrated Plantation Walk 'Round. Also, at 35 cents: There's a Knocking at the Door of my Heart, beautiful song, by Watson. O Come to Me, very pretty arietta, by Jno. Daniel. The Cottage Rose, by M. Keller, one of the best ballad composers of the day. Also, by the same fine composer, Thy Boy's an Angel Now, a ballad of greater length than the others, 40 cents.

S. T. Gordon, New York, publishes several fine arrangements from Gounod's celebrated Faust. One is the grand Soldier's Chorus, arranged by Brinley Richards, 40. Another is the Faust Galop, arranged by Helmsmuller, 40. And a third is a fine arrangement of all the leading airs in the opera, for two performers, 60. Also, *La Danse des Tables*, mazourka magnetique, by Revius, 50.

D. Lawton, this city, publishes the Home Schottische, referred to above, 30. Also, Parrot Polka, 30.

Holloway's Musical Monthly, for September. This number of the popular *Monthly* is one of the best yet issued, containing even more than an average quantity of music, notwithstanding the continued advance in price of all printing material. Will our readers bear in mind what we said last month upon this matter? A single trifling song now costs from 30 to 35 cents, while here are bulky numbers of the best *sheet music*, beautifully printed and neatly bound in colored covers, all for 25 cents to subscribers by paying \$3 00 per year. We do not know how long this low rate of subscription can last; certainly not long, unless paper, plates, etc. at once stop advancing in price. Let our friends, therefore, send in their subscriptions immediately. We will still send four months' numbers, or more, at 25 cents each, 3 cents per number to be added for postage. When six months' numbers are ordered, and 18 cents sent for postage, the January double number, containing \$2 worth of music, may be included.

Address all orders for the *Monthly*, or the music named in the "Column," to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post Office, Philadelphia. J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

DEAR GODEY: Though I cannot claim to be one of your correspondents, presuming my mite of fun will not be unacceptable, I send you the following little incident: A friend of mine has recently employed a freshly imported girl. The morning after that event, I walked round to Mrs. C——'s, and was ushered in by the glowing Biddy in the following hearty style: "Walk in, ma'am; the mistress has bin expectin' yez this hour gone." Somewhat surprised to learn that my visit had been anticipated, I followed the girl into the kitchen, where she affirmed the "mistress" was. My friend was not there, however, whereupon she exclaimed, "Oh, no matter"—then, pointing towards the laundry—"for there be the tubs with the wather steaming in thim that the mistress bid me fill for yez." Astonishment kept me silent, and just then Mrs. C—— entered with a burst of merriment. "Biddy," she cried, "this is my friend Miss Q——." "Oh," returned the girl, with an apologetic smile, "sure and I took ye for the washerwoman." With a hearty laugh, we adjourned to the parlor, after Mrs. C—— had explained to her Biddy that the laundress might be expected through the back kitchen door. If my services are acceptable, they shall be yours. QUIVVS.

I send this by way of postscript, without which, you know, dear Godey, my letter (?) would be incomplete: "While walking on the veranda one evening with my little five-year-old sister Maggie, she suddenly looked up at the stars, and asked me what they were. I told her. 'They are what the moon is made of, ain't they?'" was her surprising rejoinder. I thought it was a very pretty idea.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, publishers of this city, have issued a catalogue of the works they have published. We advise all who want cheap, and at the same time good reading to send for a catalogue.

THAT great moralist "Punch," or London, says, in his "Advice to Servants":—

"Never go into any place where a cat is not kept. This useful domestic animal is the true servants' friend, accounting for the disappearance of tid-bits, lumps of butter, and other odd matters, as well as being the author of all mysterious breakages. What the safety-valve is to the steam-engine the cat is to the kitchen, preventing all explosions or blowings-up that might occur in the best regulated families."

Two elegant little volumes for ladies are just published by Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. Price \$2 00 each. Illustrated in the style of their "Art Recreations."

WAX FLOWERS: How to Make Them. With new methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

SKELETON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS. A complete and Practical Treatise on the Production of these beautiful Transformations. Also, Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers in their fresh beauty.

CUSTOMER. "A slight mourning hat-band, if you please."

Hatter. "What relation, sir?"

Customer. "Wife's uncle."

Hatter. "Favorite uncle, sir?"

Customer. "Um—well, yes."

Hatter. "May I ask, sir, are you mentioned in the will?"

Customer. "No such luck."

Hatter (to his assistant, briskly)—"Couple o' inches, John!"

A LITERARY LIFE.

"If my daughter could only become a literary character, how proud and delighted I should be!" said the mother, looking down on the flaxen-haired little girl at her side, now in her ninth year, and we looked down too on the bright head of the little girl and thought that if such a career were bound up in the future of her child, the mother might have, after all, small cause for congratulation.

We have learned by the letters which we are constantly receiving from young aspirants for literary fame, that one great and serious mistake exists in regard to this matter of literary labor; and this is, that it demands no long apprenticeship, no discipline of the mind nor cultivation of one's talents, to achieve success in this department of mental labor.

And we always lay down these letters with a sigh, when we think of the surprise and disappointment which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, must await the applicant. People understand perfectly well that they must serve a long apprenticeship in music, painting, sculpture, any of the arts, but with writing the prevalent opinion amongst a large class of intelligent people seems to be that the path of literary fame and compensation is a golden one; when it is often a long, slow, tedious plodding, full of weariness, and failure, and renewed effort, even to those whose talents in the end insure to them success. For we believe that the ability to write well is a gift, as music, and painting, and sculpture are; and though it is certainly no disgrace not to be able to write poetry, it is no honor to write doggerel, and certainly wisest not to attempt it.

Moreover, let no young girl suppose that her first efforts will be likely to meet with acceptance from any considerable editor or publisher, no matter how great a genius her friends regard her. The divine afflatus does not fall in any such miraculous way. The imagination does not bear its blossoms and fruits in a single hour. The soil requires the early and later rains, and the branches want the dews, and the sunshine, and long and patient cultivation, and much pruning, before any gather their sweet and mellow fruits.

And how many young writers, intoxicated with their first dreams of fame, send off their crude productions, full of ardor and high hopes, to be mortified and disappointed, let the scores of "Articles Declined" in the desk of every editor make answer.

To a woman, at least, literature is not an easy profession, one where, with small toil, she reaps green laurels and golden fruits. The gains are not so large, and the work is not so light as the uninitiated imagine; and any one who makes literature her sole work in life, will most invariably find that she must pay dearly for it in broken health and shattered nerves. For every hour of sitting and stimulated imagination, she should have several of reactionary outward life—of occupation, of muscular exercise and work, for otherwise the constant demand on her nervous forces will sooner or later exhaust them, and her days will be full of alternate excitement and depression. And any woman who enters the path of literature, with no higher aim than that of worldly applause and notoriety, will find herself sorely deceived and disappointed in the end. An inordinate thirst for notoriety is a slow gangrene that eats into and destroys the finest characters, and especially does it rob womanhood of its truth and graces; for the heart that is fired with a desire for fame is fed constantly with unrest, and ambition, and envy; and these are continual well-springs of bitterness

in the soul. So, if a woman enter the field of authorship, let her do it always in that spirit which seeks for other rewards than the world can give; let her feel that the mission of her pen is to elevate and bless humanity—that she speak always for the right, the true, the good; and by the blessed law of compensation, in blessing others she shall herself be blessed.

And inasmuch as the truth lived is better than the truth spoken, let all those women whose thoughts have never blossomed in inspired poem or thrilling tale remember it is theirs to live in life's secluded places, amid quiet homes, and it may be in the midst of daily cares and self-sacrifices, all the grand, heroic truths of patience, and forbearance, and love which their sisters have sung or written.

We would not underrate the great work which the pen of woman is accomplishing in this age—God forbid!

The words of true and noble women, living what they sung, have been like lamps hung along the years, shedding their blessed light about the altar, the cradle, the grave; exalting and hallowing the names of wife, and mother, and child; enriching and anointing ten thousand homes with songs which were sweet balsams for aching hearts and oils of gladness for those who rejoice.

We could mention many whose names are radiant jewels in households throughout the world, whose genius has been consecrated to all sweet, and pure, and noble teachings, and who by their living as well as their writing have exalted and ennobled "a literary life."

COPIES OF MEDALS STRUCK BY COMMAND OF THE EMPEROR VESPASIAN, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.



The strong-minded sisterhood ought to be content with the "enlargement of the sphere of woman" that has taken place since the introduction of hoops. The original Eve was Adam's bone, but our Eves are whalebone.

PARIS ITEMS.

—THEY have a cheap system of nursing here, which is amusing. An old woman is to be met with after 11 o'clock busily trotting along towards the Luxembourg Gardens, surrounded by fifteen or twenty little children, aged from two or three years to seven or eight. Their parents pay the old lady about ten centimes an hour to take their children out, and give them a walk or a game of play in the gardens. It is pretty to see her convey her little regiment over a crossing: it reminds me of the old puzzle of the fox, the goose, and the bag of corn. The elder children are left in charge on one side, while the very little ones are carried over; then one of the oldest is beckoned across and lectured on her care of them while the old woman trots back for the rest, and I notice she is much more despotic during her short reign of power than the old woman herself. At length they are past all dangers, and safe in the gardens, where they make dirt-pies to their heart's content, while their chaperon takes out her knitting, and seats herself on a bench in their midst. Say she has fifteen children, and keeps them out for two hours, it makes her a little income of half a crown a day; and many a busy mother is glad that her child should have happy play and exercise while she goes a shopping, or does some other piece of housekeeping work, which would prevent her from attending properly to her child.

—At a fancy dress ball recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur."

"At low tide, then, madame," observed he.

—A new style of coiffure is just about to be introduced, of which we shall, no doubt, soon hear further details. The hair is turned partially back from the forehead, and forms a heavy roll above the ears, while at the back it is dressed in about ten or twelve regular stiff curls, maintained in their respective places by black pins, and offering the appearance of a cluster of small bows, fastened by a comb, generally richly studded with diamonds or other gems. Jewelled combs and bands of gold ribbon or jewelry are to be worn with this style of headdress, in preference to flowers or even feathers. This totally new style of hair-dressing is the result of a meeting of the society I spoke of to you last year, consisting of all the *coiffeurs* of Paris and the provinces, who meet in the months of November and December, and there decide the changes to be brought about in the ensuing year's fashions. The society has held several meetings this past month, and is just about, as usual, to close them by a large ball given to the wives and daughters of the members of the illustrious body, who usually make their appearance in the last appointed coiffure ordered by this supreme tribunal.

—Monsieur Seguy has opened an establishment in the Rue de la Paix for the purpose of teaching ladies how to *enamel themselves*. In a scented circular, M. Seguy announces that he "comes to open, on the first floor, in the which he teaches officially to timid persons the art of to embellish themselves." There is an excellent *brochure* on this subject in the last number of *La Vie Parisienne*. A lady, who holds the idea of enamel in indignant horror, mounts to this dangerous first floor. "If madame will seat herself in this arm-chair," says one of the *enamel-lessees*—for the operators as well as the operatees are all of what Mr. Weller calls the "soft sex"—"I will explain to her how the various pomades—" "I came here solely from curiosity, mademoiselle," explains the lady, "and have no intention of—" "I do not misunderstand the intentions of madame: and it is only for the purpose of satisfying madame's curiosity that I propose to explain to her the use of the blanc nympha, which renders the skin silky, preserves it from the effect of the atmosphere, and is wholesome to a degree. If madame will have the complaisance to take off her bonnet." "I presume that you have soap and water here that I may remove the marks of your experiment," says the lady. "Will madame for one instant close her eyes?" The paintress is at work with a perfumed palette, and in a quarter of an hour madame smiles in a mirror at a visage that returns her smile; but it is not her face that is reflected, but that of a very young lady, with her features, certainly, but with a complexion like a baby's—half flesh, half fruit.

CARTES DE VISITE.—Our subscribers had better send for a catalogue. We have already supplied our friends with many thousands of the cartes, and in all cases they have given great satisfaction. Our list embraces nearly 600 subjects.

DINING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—The servants of the hall, headed by the steward, or *maitre d'hôtel*, with his rod of office, brought the dishes to the table in formal procession. Their approach and arrival were usually announced by the sounding of trumpets and music. Those who served at the table itself, whose business was chiefly to carve, and present the wine, were of still higher rank—never less than esquires, and often, in the halls of princes and great chiefs, noble barons. The meal itself was conducted with the same degree of ceremony, of which a vivid picture may be drawn from the work called the "*Managier de Paris*," composed about the year 1393.

When it was announced that the dinner was ready, the guests advanced to the hall, led ceremoniously by two *maitres d'hôtel*, who showed them their places, and served them with water to wash their hands before they began. They found the tables spread with fine table-cloths, and covered with a profusion of richly ornamented plate, consisting of salt-cellars, goblets, pots or cups for drinking, spoons, &c. At the high table the meats were eaten from slices of bread, called trenchers (*tranchoirs*), which, after the meats were eaten, were thrown into vessels called *couleures*. In a conspicuous part of the hall stood the dresser or cupboard, which was covered with vessels of plate, which two esquires carried thence to the table to replace those which were emptied. Two other esquires were occupied in bringing wine to the dresser, from whence it was served to the guests at the table.

The dishes, forming a number of courses, varying according to the occasion, were brought in by valets, led by two esquires. An *asseur*, or placer, took the dishes from the hands of the valets and arranged them in their places on the table. After these courses fresh table-cloths were laid, and the *entremets* were brought, consisting of sweets, jellies, &c., many of them moulded into elegant or fantastic forms; and, in the middle of the table, raised above the rest, were placed a swan, peacocks, or pheasants, dressed up in their feathers, with their beaks and feet gilt. In less sumptuous entertainments the expensive course of *entremets* was usually omitted. Last of all came the dessert, consisting of cheese, confectioneries, fruit, &c., concluded by what was called the *issue* (departure from table), consisting of a draught of hypocras, and the *bonte-hors* (turn-out), wine and spices served round, which terminated the repast. The guests then washed their hands, and repaired into another room, where they were served with wine and sweetmeats, and after a short time they separated. The dinner, served slowly and ceremoniously, must have occupied a considerable length of time. After the guests had left the hall the servants and attendants took their places at the tables.

A COMICAL FOUNTAIN STATUE has been designed by a Hanover sculptor, Mr. Rosenthal, representing a monkey holding a champagne bottle, of which he has imprudently drawn the cork, and the contents of which he vainly endeavors to stop. The champagne is represented by the different rays of the fountain bursting out in all directions.

CONUNDRUMS:—

When is one man, compared with another, like the manager of a certain boat?

When he's a lighter-man.

When may a man be said to have put his foot in it?

When he has drawn his stocking on.

ICED LIQUORS.—The ancients were accustomed to have their beverages cooled and iced in various ways. Both Galen and Pliny have described the method, which is still employed in tropical climates, to reduce the temperature of water by exposing it to evaporation in porous vessels, during the night-time; and a simile in the Book of Proverbs seems to warrant the conclusion that the custom of preserving snow for summer use must have prevailed among Oriental nations from the earliest ages. That it was long familiar to the Greeks and Romans is abundantly certain. When Alexander the Great besieged the town of Petra, in India, he is reported to have ordered a number of pits to be dug and filled with snow, which, being covered with oak branches, remains for a long time undissolved. A similar expedient is noticed by Plutarch, with this difference, that straw and coarse cloths are recommended in place of oaken boughs. The Romans adopted the same mode of preserving the snow which they collected from the mountains, and which, in the time of Seneca, had become an important article of merchandise at Rome, being sold in shops appropriated to the purpose, and even hawked about the streets.

At first the only mode of employing snow was by fusing a portion of it in the wine or water which was to be cooled; and this was most conveniently effected by introducing it into a strainer, which was usually made of silver, and pouring the liquor over it. But as the snow had generally contracted some degree of impurity during the carriage, or from the reservoirs in which it was kept, the solution was apt to be dark and muddy, and to have an unpleasant flavor from the straw; hence those of fastidious taste preferred ice, which they were at pains to procure from a great depth, that they might have it as fresh as possible.

A more elegant method of cooling liquors came into vogue during the reign of Nero, to whom the invention was ascribed, namely, by placing water which had been boiled in a thin glass vessel surrounded with snow, so that it might be frozen without having its purity impaired. It had, however, been a long prevailing opinion among the ancients, as we may collect from Aristotle, Galen, and Plutarch, that boiled water was most speedily converted into ice; and the experiments of modern chemists would seem to prove that this doctrine was not altogether without foundation. At all events, the ice so obtained would be of a more compact substance than that produced from water which had not undergone the process; and this was sufficient to justify the preference.

SERVANT-GAL-ISM.—A friend of ours lately hired a couple of strapping wenches. The girls were well enough, except that one was always accompanied by her spiritual adviser. Now these spiritual advisers are well enough in their place, but when they are constantly invading your kitchen they become a nuisance. The cook was asked to make some hot cakes for breakfast, but they were not forthcoming; but the lady of the house happening to go into the kitchen found the party there, of course with the spiritual adviser, enjoying hot cakes. Upon being remonstrated with, the reply was, "The party in the parlor are too many to make hot cakes for."

We have received from the American Educational Monthly a copy of Simmons's Zoological Chart.

The newspapers are full of advertisements for *plain cooks*. We suppose *pretty cooks* have no occasion to advertise at all.

We give an extract from a correspondent's letter from Paris, giving a description of the costumes and disguises worn at several fancy balls:—

"At the Duchess de Bassano's a complete menagerie appeared to be present. Animals are very fashionable this season.

"At the Tuilleries there was a majestic llama, a zebra, and a white cat; there was a butterfly, a cock—and a very brilliant one he proved—he was no less a personage than the Marquis de Galli.—The Countess de St. Pi.—completed this elegant menagerie as a beautiful blue bird. Her skirt was covered with azure humming-birds, and a small half Chinese headdress, with a blue bird flapping its wings and bending its sapphire throat over the forehead of the youthful countess, completed her toilette.

"The Duchess de Bassano herself wore with much grace a very rich Florentine costume of the sixteenth century; it was almost completely covered with precious stones. High fancy dresses were to be seen in great numbers, but their effect was not good. High dresses at a ball always look heavy; and although the Louis XV. riding-habits and Incroyables of the Directoire are tasteful costumes in their way, they do not appear to advantage among more brilliant, low-bodied fancy dresses.

"At Mme. Drouyn de l'Huys' ball the Emperor and Empress were, it was reported, present, but concealed under black dominoes, the only sign by which they might recognize each other being a bow of cerise ribbon. The marvellous white cat and the butterfly were also present at the Tuilleries, but represented by different people, the first by a Neapolitan Princess, the second by a young English lady, Miss J.—

"A Pompadour quadrille attracted universal admiration. Mme. Drouyn de l'Huys wore a Louis 15th gala dress, with her hair powdered, and arranged with diamonds in great profusion. Mlle. Valentine Hans—was attired as a Greek girl, and allowed her magnificent fair tresses to fall unrestrained upon her shoulders. The Marquis de Galli—changed his costume of a cock for Polichinello, but his lordship was as gay and as full of vivacity in one character as he was in the other. M. de Lut—was gallantly transformed into a vendor of violets; his white satin dress was covered with bouquets of violets, and his blue satin basket, filled with bouquets, was quickly emptied at the commencement of the evening. The Duke de M—appeared as a Puritan of the 16th century; his dress was very sombre, being composed entirely of black velvet."

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—

"As an in-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital was walking along the Trafalgar road, Greenwich, his foot became entangled in the crinoline of a lady who was passing. He was thrown down, and the back of his head came in contact with the kerbstone and severely injured his skull. He died in less than half an hour from the time of the accident."

One evening last week we read the above in an English paper. The same evening we took up one of our city papers and read the following:—

"The Cleveland *Herald* of Friday says: 'A singular accident occurred on Prospect Street this afternoon. An old gentleman was passing a couple of ladies on the sidewalk, when his foot caught in the crinoline of one of them, and he fell backward striking violently against the bottom of a lamp-post, laying open his scalp and stunning him. He was taken into a neighboring dwelling-house, and his wound dressed. It was feared that his skull was fractured by the blow; but the injuries proved not to be dangerous, though, in view of his age, serious results might have been feared. The gentleman is from Pittsburgh, and on a visit to this city.'"

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by a table cloth.

'TAKING BOARDERS FOR COMPANY.' This story continues to increase in interest and amusement.

EPITAPHS:—

On the family vault of the Darts, 1632:—

Death shoots sometimes, as archers doe,
One dart to find another;
But now, by shooting, hath found four,
And all lay'd here together.

Severe satires upon the fair sex:—

On this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair *Rosalind*;
All mankind was pleased with her,
And she with all mankind.

* * * * *
Her body was built of such superfine clay,
That at length it grew brittle for want of allay;
Her soul then too busie on some foreign affair,
Of its own pretty dwelling took so little care
That the teneament fell for want of repair.

The following will remind the readers of the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, "Cæsar dead and turned to clay":—

Beneath this stone lies old Katherine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay;
By earth and clay she got her delf,
Yet now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in her shop may be again?

On a miser, 1605:—

Here lies John Chapman, who, in doubt,
Cried, "Bury my pelf, but leave my body out;"
No provision made for chest of pelf,
We spent the cash and box'd his self.

"On my Wife," 1714:—

At marriage she wept and I smiled,
In death she smiled and I wept.—J. D.

M. Chevreul, the Government Superintendent of the dyeing department of the great Parisian manufactory of the celebrated Gobelin tapestries, has recently delivered a series of lectures at Paris on complexion and colors, full of valuable hints to our ladies. We quote:—

"The pink of the complexion is brought out by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any lady who has a fair complexion, that admits of having its rose-tint a little heightened, may make effective use of the green color; but it should be a delicate green, since it is of importance to preserve harmony of tone. When there is in the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a brick-red hue will result from the use of green; if any green at all be used in such a case, it should be dark. But for the orange complexion of a brunette, there is no color superior to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin, and injures its effect. A skin more yellow than orange has its yellow neutralized by the suggestion of the complement, and a dull white effect imparted. The orange skin, however, has its yellow neutralized, and the red left; so that the freshness of complexion is increased in dark-haired beauties. Blue imparts orange, which enriches white complexions and light fresh tints; it also, of course, improves the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, therefore, is the standard color for a blonde, or yellow for a brunette. But the brunette who has already too much orange in her face, must avoid setting it in blue. Orange suits nobody. It whitens a brunette, but that is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is ugly. Red, unless when it is of a dark hue, to increase the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is rarely suitable in any close neighborhood to a lady's skin. Rose red destroys the freshness of a good complexion; it suggests green."

In looking over the London pictorial papers, we have made up our mind that we would not like to be Prince of Wales. Why, the poor fellow cannot have a moment to call his own. Presiding at a dinner here, laying a cornerstone there, reviewing troops at another place, when is he at home comfortable like a common man? This is purchasing greatness at too great a sacrifice of comfort.

GRADATIONS IN MOURNING.—The *Round Table* has an admirable article on the subject of mourning habiliments, especially those by which lady mourners express the different degrees of their sorrow, and of which means of proclaiming ours our sex are deprived. The writer says, in a fine vein of bitter irony:—

"We men have no such opportunity to express a sense of our bereavement in an elaborate way. Our tailors uniform us in funereal black, our *chapeliers* encircle our hats with crape, and there an end. A widower cannot advertise the freshness or staleness of his sad condition by his clothes; it is impossible to judge of the state of his feelings from his hue.

"In fact, the taste of mankind in this country runs so generally to black that it is only now and then that affliction finds one of us in motley. In nine cases out of ten, all we require to put us in full mourning is a weed round the beaver. Cannot this be remedied? Why should there not be sorrow stores for the stupider sex? Is there any just reason why lonely men should not be put through a course of French grays, and puce, and lavenders as well as women? Do not our griefs become fine by degrees and beautifully less in the same way as those of the queens of creation? Certainly they do. Then let the progress of the sequence be made manifest in our coats, and vests, and pantaloons.

"Let us have the gradations of faded melancholy denoted by our hat cinctures, so that the public, and more particularly the angelic portion of it, may understand how we are getting along with our tribulations. How can the fair creatures know, under present circumstances, whether an unfortunate widower has just been plunged into inconsolability, or is emerging from it in a lively and approachable frame of mind?

"Who can say how many, many male mourners of nearly fifty years' standing may have missed eligible offers this blessed leap-year on account of the forbidding character of their sable suits and love-repulsing hat bands? We submit to society the propriety of a sliding scale of funeral habiliments for men. Nothing can succeed in this world without advertising, not even grief. Who will take a store on Broadway, and open a dry goods tribulation shop for bereaved masculinity?"

A GENTLEMAN residing not far away, who is very fond of singing, likes to display his "talent" whenever he can find listeners.

His friends are sometimes "brought to tears" by his looks of agony and his unearthly groans during his musical (?) performances. One day, having a few invited guests, he proposed entertaining them by "singing a little song." The guests expressed their pleasure, of course, and the host commenced singing. In the middle of the first strain, a bright little child of the company, quit his play and gazed on the face of Mr. —, the singer, then turning to his mother anxiously asked: "Mamma, what ails Mr. —?" But, without waiting for reply, addressed the singer in a loud tone with "Say, Mr. —, are you dying?"

The gravity of the company was upset entirely; respect for their host *could* not keep back the laughter; the performance closed at the end of the first stanza.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

BROOKLYN, JUNE 30th.

MR. GODEY: In your Lady's Book of the month of June I notice "an unfortunate," who has a red nose. For the benefit of her or him, and others who take your magazine, I will state what I did to cure mine. I left off eating anything too hot, tea and coffee, and particularly pastry of any kind; ate the tenderest meats, chewed *well*; never ate between meals, and have now as fair a nose as you care to see. My grandfather was troubled the same way, and found that that mode of living cured him.

A CONSTANT READER.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.



WHEN I my parents disobey
In spite of all their love,
How can I kneel at night to pray
To Him who reigns above?

I dearly love them both, and yet,
When evil tempers rise,
Too often I their love forget,
And God's commands despise.

Am I my Heavenly Father's child
When His commands I break?
And can I sleep unconciled,
And happily awake?

I bless His name, this need not be,
For Jesus Christ has died—
His blood can plead for sinful me;
His blood my sins can hide.

And He, if I am really His,
Will help me every day,
And make me feel how sweet it is
His precepts to obey.

CORVALLIS, Oregon.

MR. L. A. GODEY—SIR: Knowing that you are deservedly the acknowledged leader of fashions, and not remembering of ever seeing anything in your book setting forth the following, I send it as a specimen of the *style* on Long Tom:—

At a quiet country cottage on the banks of a pleasant stream known as Long Tom, there were several persons passing the day, among whom there were a lady and her daughter and lover, from the adjacent city. All the company except the young lady and lover went out into the garden to refresh themselves with the delicious fragrance wafted around them on the evening breeze; when they returned, they found the young lady sitting on an ottoman at the gentleman's feet, with her hands clasped on his knee, and her face in an oblique position, looking lovingly into his. As an exclamation of surprise came from the hostess, such as "Why, Mary!" the mother remarked that "Auntie wasn't acquainted with the latest style."

WE published, some time since, an article upon the treatment of diphtheria by ice. We now publish the following. Our readers will have observed that we seldom publish any receipts for the cure of diseases. We make this an exception; but at the same time advise that nothing should be attempted without the advice and concurrence of your physician:—

TREATMENT OF DIPHThERIA BY ICE.—The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* contains the following important statements concerning the treatment of diphtheria by ice, which we publish for the benefit of our readers:—

"Feb. 22d.—Dr. Dorland said he had been requested by Dr. W. B. Morris, of Charlestown, to bring to the notice of the society the treatment of diphtheria by ice, whereby he firmly believed this terribly destructive disease might be perfectly or nearly controlled.

"The first case to which Dr. Morris was called was that of a little girl, 11 years old, in whom the disease was well established. He gave her brandy, beef soup, a solution of chlorate of potash, and guaiacum, alternately, every hour. Having heard of the benefit derived from ice, he ordered lumps of it, inclosed in muslin bags, to be held all the time in the mouth. This patient was seen in consultation by Dr. Mason, who suggested the external as well as the internal application of the remedy, by means of a bladder filled with pounded ice, wrapped in a napkin, and laid up against the throat. This was continued for seventy-two hours. The membranes, which were very thick, ceased forming after the beginning of the ice treatment, and were thrown off at its termination. The child is now well.

"Dr. Morris was called to another patient, and found one child of the family already dead from diphtheria, and laid out in the same room with the patient, who was failing rapidly, the throat being filled with the diphtheritic membrane. The ice treatment was commenced without delay, and the child recovered.

"Dr. Bickford, who had seen the last patient, was sent for to go to Battleboro', to see a child of the engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel. He found the disease well marked, and advised the ice treatment, which was adopted. The child improved so much on the second day that the treatment was continued by the friends; but on the third day it was much worse. Dr. B. telegraphed to 'go on with the ice, and stick to it.' This was done, and the result was that the patient began again to revive, and is now well."

There are several other cases mentioned where the treatment was the same, and it proved equally successful.

CLERICAL JOKE.—*From Punch*.—The Rev. Oriel Bland (who has come to perform the duty for an absent friend, at a small country church). "I suppose a hymn is sung in the usual simple manner."

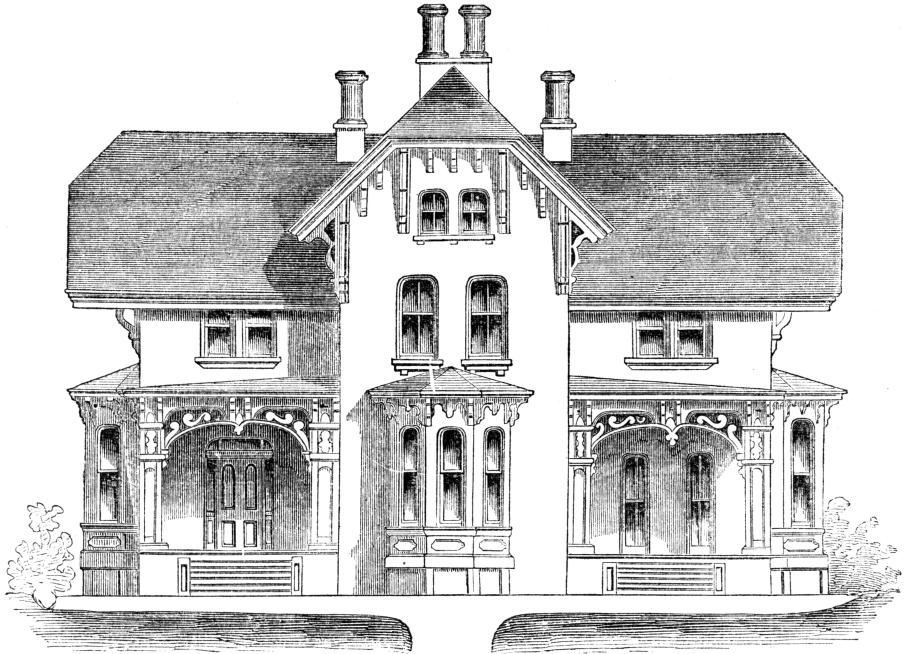
Clerk. "Oh dear, no, sir; we have a very efficient choir of singers, besides three violins, three flutes, a clarinet, accordion, horn, and my bass fiddle; and we sing four hymns, besides chanting the Psalms and Litany; we know Mozart's Twelfth Service, and to-day we perform Purcell's Te Deum and Jubilate, besides our usual anthem; and, sir, you need not trouble yourself to read the Belief, for we sing that too; and, sir, would you prefer our tuning up for the last piece during your Exordium or at the Blessing, for my bass fiddle will drop half a note during service, and—" [The Rev. O. B. turns pale and asks for a glass of water.]

If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

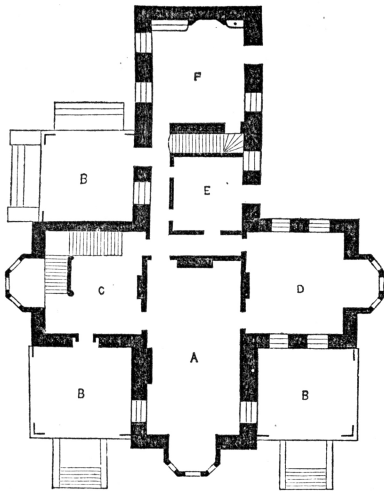
WOMAN has this great advantage over man—she proves her will in her lifetime, whilst man is obliged to wait till he is dead.

DESIGN FOR AN ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

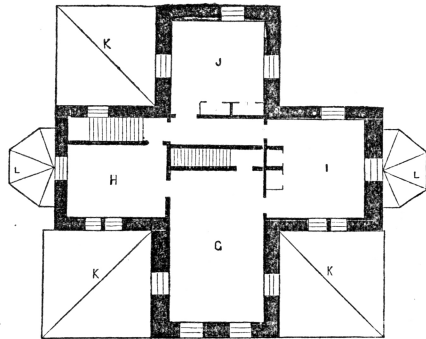


FIRST STORY.

First Story.—A parlor, B porch, C main hall, D dining-room, E breakfast-room, F kitchen.

Second Story.—G principal chamber, H I J chambers, K roof of porch, L bay-window.

WHAT is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two? It is merely a difference of opinion.



SECOND STORY.

We have received from George H. Johnson, of San Francisco, two photographs of "That Sanitary Sack of Flour," which brought so wonderful a price. The photographs are well executed, and the newspaper account that accompanied them is very amusing.

THE best cough drop for young ladies is to *drop* the practice of dressing thin, when they go into the night air.

THE THINGS REQUIRED.—Every one knows the alphabetical list of requirements in a wife given in "Don Quixote." An old bachelor of our acquaintance has rendered it according to his own notions, and added a rather amusing list of the contrary requisites of a young lady. It is as follows:—

WANTED IN A WIFE.

Amiability	Judiciousness	Religion
Benevolence	Kindness	Steadiness
Carefulness	Love	Temperance
Diligence	Management	Usefulness
Economy	Neatness	Virtue
Faithfulness	Obedience	Wisdom
Gentleness	Patience	Xperience
Hopefulness	Quietness	Youthfulness
Industry		

and Zeal for her husband's interests.

WANTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

Admiration	Jewelry	Reconciliations
Beauty	Kid-gloves	Sight-seeing
Crinoline	Love-letters	Tea-parties
Diversion	Music	Universal Gaiety
Excitement	Novels	Visits
Flirtation	Opera-Boxes	Waste Time
Giggling	Pin-money	Xtravagance
Happiness	Quarrels	Youth for ever
Indulgence		
and Zeal in a dressmaker.		

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. D. C.—Sent pattern June 18th.

Miss H. V. B.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. J. S.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. E. B. M.—Sent pattern 18th.

A. J. M.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. S. W.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. E. L.—Sent pattern 20th.

Miss M. E. D.—Sent pattern 23d.

M. A. H.—Sent pattern 23d.

Mrs. H. D.—Sent pattern 24th.

Mrs. L. A. G.—Sent articles by express 24th.

N. M. L.—Sent dress shields 28th.

J. M. S.—Sent box by express 30th.

Wm. F. M.—Sent hair chain 30th.

Miss N. B.—Sent pattern 30th.

Miss S. M.—Sent pattern 30th.

Mrs. R. R.—Sent silk 30th.

L. A. C.—Sent dress shields 30th.

Mrs. Dr. M.—Sent pattern 30th.

Miss M. McC.—Sent pattern 30th.

Mrs. L. J. B.—Sent pattern 30th.

Mrs. E. M. M.—Sent box July 2d.

Mrs. J. W. B.—Sent gloves 2d.

Mrs. M. H. D.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. W. W. W.—Sent marking cotton 6th.

M. H.—Sent articles 6th.

Mrs. G. C. W.—Sent lead combs 6th.

L. G. A.—Sent articles by express 11th.

G. F. C.—Sent articles by express 11th.

A. B. B.—Sent hair frizzettes 11th.

J. M. H.—Sent pattern 11th.

S. M. M.—Sent hair rings 11th.

S. E. C.—Sent hair rings 11th.

C. F. B.—Sent hair cross 11th.

Miss D. B.—Sent hair pin 11th.

Mrs. E. P. J.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. G. C. S.—Sent pattern 12th.

H. R. G.—Sent pattern 12th.

M. E. W.—Sent pattern 12th.

H. C. D.—Sent pattern 12th.

C. H.—Sent pattern 13th.

Miss J. H.—Sent pattern 13th.

L. C. F.—Sent box by express 16th.

Dr. R. M.—Sent box by express 16th.

Mrs. J. G. W.—Sent box by express 18th.

Miss H. S.—Sent box by express 18th.

A Perplexed Subscriber.—Cyanurate of Potash diluted.

But you must be very careful with it, or you will destroy the fabric.

E. B.—Skeleton Leaves, or Skeleton Bouquets. Apply to J. E. Tilton & Co., 160 Washington Street, Boston. They have recently published an interesting book on this subject.

Miss L. M. C.—We can furnish the two numbers for 50 cents.

A Housekeeper.—About two pounds of coffee equal one pound of tea in household consumption.

Perplexity.—It would not be proper to show any recognition. If he is a gentleman, he will not find it difficult to procure a proper introduction. We doubt his gentlemanly qualities, or he would not have acted as he did, unless you showed him great encouragement.

S. M. C.—We think you had better suggest something. You have mentioned everything we can think of except pincushions and suspenders.

Sarah.—We can only refer you to the Book, where we are constantly publishing receipts on the subject. We do not know that different kinds of hair require different kinds of treatment. We have from time to time published about fifty receipts for the treatment of the hair.

Mary.—Certainly not. At the age of fourteen or sixteen, what can a boy or girl know of love? This is a fast age, we know, but you are rather too young.

Mrs. W. W. E.—Ich Dien—the motto of the Prince of Wales. This is the explanation:—

"A king of Bohemia, blind from age, was led, on horseback, between two knights to the Battle of Créci. When the day was decided against the French, he commanded his two conductors to rush, with him, into the thickest of the fight, where all together perished. So grand a sacrifice on the altar of feudal loyalty has consecrated his motto 'Ich Dien' (I serve). This, accompanied by the triple plume of ostrich feathers which he wore, was then adopted by Edward the Black Prince, and, as we know, has been borne by all succeeding Princes of Wales."

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Dress suitable for a dinner party. Sea-green silk dress, trimmed with bands of black velvet. On these bands are diamonds cut out of white satin and trimmed round with lace. Duchess collar of point lace. Coiffure of point lace. The hair is also dressed with beads and loops of green velvet.

Fig. 2.—Robe dress of pearl-colored silk, ornamented with figures and flowers in bright colors. Guimpe and sleeves of white muslin, finished with a muslin ruching. Black straw hat, trimmed with a long white feather, an aigrette of spun glass, and small scarlet feather tips.

Fig. 3.—Dress of black silk. The skirt is plain. The corsage is in the coat tail style, and trimmed with a narrow fluted ribbon and a bead trimming. The vest is of Ophelia purple silk. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with a long white plume. The inside trimming is of Ophelia velvet.

Fig. 4.—Dress of pearl-colored poplin, trimmed with bands of Solferino velvet sewed in waves around the edge of the skirt, and up to the waist on the right side. Fancy lace cap, trimmed with Solferino flowers.

Fig. 5.—Dress of tan-colored poplin, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with a quilling of the same. Above this are chenille cords, gracefully festooned and fastened on each breadth with bows and tassels. The corsage is made with a short basque behind, and points in front. The bonnet is of Eugenie blue silk, trimmed with a white lace veil.

Fig. 6.—Morning-dress of white alpaca, richly trimmed with Solferino silk. It is made short, to show a cambric skirt, which is trimmed with four fluted ruffles. Fancy lace cap, with long tabs, which fasten at the throat with a pin, and take the place of a collar.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See engravings, page 193.)

Fig. 1.—Dress of Eugenie blue poplin, trimmed on the skirt with alternate pieces of black and white ribbon sewed on slanting. Zouave trimmed with white ribbon, black velvet, and black drop buttons. The point is bound with black velvet. Leghorn hat, corded with black velvet, and trimmed with a blue feather rosette.

Fig. 2.—Dress of black and white poplin, trimmed with alternate quillings of scarlet and black ribbon, half the point being of one color and half of the other. Wide sash of scarlet, black, and white ribbon. Guimpe and sleeves of white muslin, trimmed with muslin ruchings.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white *piqué*, made square on the neck, and with bretelles. It is braided with scarlet mohair braid.

Fig. 4.—Suit of fine gray cloth, trimmed with a darker shade. Scarlet neck-tie. Polish boots, with scarlet tassels.

Fig. 5.—Black poplin blouse, trimmed with blue velvet, and confined at the waist with a blue silk cord and tassel. Black velvet cap, trimmed with blue velvet and a white wing. Polish boots, bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with blue chenille tassels.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

(See engravings, page 200.)

Fig. 1.—A dinner-cap, formed of spotted tulle, and trimmed with a large pink rose and bud. A ruffle of the tulle with scalloped edge also trims the cap.

Fig. 2.—Pearl-colored *crêpe* bonnet, trimmed with black lace. A fan of pearl-colored silk and white feathers. The inside trimming is of pink ribbon and stiff white feathers.

Fig. 3.—White silk bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbons and pink roses. A net formed of ribbons is attached to the bonnet.

Fig. 4.—A Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with a salmon and black ribbon. The feathers are black. The inside trimming is composed of scarlet velvet, black lace, and salmon-colored flowers.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE weather continues too warm to admit of any notable change in fashions; we therefore take this opportunity to present to our readers a variety of fancy costumes.

Gypsies, Turkish ladies, Greek, peasant, and flower girls, powdered dames, and vivandières, appear in such hordes at all the fancy balls that many of our fair ones implore us for novelty in fancy dresses. To gratify them, we present the following costumes, worn at some of the Tuileries balls:—

"The Legion of Honor." The skirt is of red *moiré*, embroidered with gold flowers; over this falls a white satin tunic, which is cut in the form of the cross. The bodice is made of cloth of gold in the style of the Middle Ages; that is to say, descending below the waist, and rounded off both in front and at the back. The cross of honor is embroidered upon it in white silk, and a wreath of laurel leaves around the lower part of the bodice. Upon the shoulders is fastened an ermine mantle, lined with cloth of gold (for which gold-colored satin may be substituted). The headdress is a small coronet, studded with precious stones. In the hand is carried an immense goose-quill, dyed in the national colors.

"Roulette." The hair should fall in curls, through which are showered small gilt coins. The bodice is made with a bertha formed entirely of coins, with a white satin note for 10,000 francs fastened to it. Two small red feathers are placed in front of the head. The skirt is of red silk embroidered to represent gold coins, and in the right hand is carried a rake such as the croupiers use to gather the gold at Baden and Ems.

"Snow." A short white satin skirt, edged with swan's-down, and long crystal beads, imitating icicles. The low bodice is in the Louis XV. form; it is pointed, and made of white satin crossed with a band of swan's-down. In the centre, as an emblem of hope and spring, a tuft of half opened primroses is fastened. The hair is powdered, and underneath the left ear is fastened another tuft of primroses. A necklace of large crystal beads, with long drops in the form of icicles, is worn round the throat. The boots are of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down.

"The White Cat." On the head should be the head of a white cat, and round the throat a blue velvet collar, upon

which is Minette, in golden letters. A blue satin bodice, edged with white fur and cats' tails; a skirt of blue satin, also edged with white fur, and embroidered in cats' heads.

"The Bird of Paradise." A blue silk dress, trimmed with birds of Paradise. In the centre of the forehead is another bird of Paradise, with its tail spread, and its long, beautiful feathers falling on each side of the throat.

"Eve" is represented with a white robe, ornamented with green leaves. On each side of the skirt is a pocket. On one is written Good; this is fastened with a small gilt padlock. On the other is written Evil, and from this comes a serpent, which is twined round the waist, and has its uplifted head, with an apple in its mouth, resting upon the breast. The headdress is a wreath of green leaves.

"Undine" is robed in a cloudlike white dress, trimmed with shells, sea-weed, and sprays of coral.

Among the more singular costumes are "Fire," "A Game of Draughts," "The Bluebird," and "A Basket of Roses." We could mention many other effective costumes, but we have not room for so many lengthy descriptions. It is of everyday fashions and novelties of which we must now speak.

Curtainless bonnets are rapidly gaining ground in Paris. Some are but mere caps, almost entirely covered with flowers; others are a half handkerchief, with a small front; and others again have only a fall of lace for the crown. In the next number we will give a very pretty illustration of one of these curtainless bonnets, and the ladies will then be able to decide whether to accept or reject them.

The coat-tail bodices are now considered in very good taste. Scarcely two are to be seen alike. Every dress-maker has a style of her own. They are rounded, pointed, squared, and cut in every imaginable way; but still they are coat-tails, and decidedly the newest and most fashionable style of corsage.

White muslin bodies are very much worn; indeed, many persons wear them during the entire year, and a prettier style of dress for a young person could not be worn. Even white muslin bodies are made with coat-tails. The prettiest styles, however, for thin muslins are Garibaldi's, trimmed with puffs, tucks, and insertings. Yokes are also very pretty formed of colored insertings and puffs. We particularly admire the black and white insertings; they are decidedly more stylish than the gay colors. The more elegant bodies are embroidered with bees, butterflies, and humming-birds.

Elegant sashes are very much worn, crossed over the body and fastening at the side. Some are of black lace, others of black and white lace mixed, others again are rich silk scarfs, woven for the purpose with bright bordered and fringed ends. Some are a quarter of a yard wide, while narrower ones of the same style are made for children. These, arranged over a pretty white dress, are perfectly charming.

Corsages, corselets, and points of every description are worn. We will not, however, dwell upon them, as we are constantly giving illustrations of the newest and most attractive styles.

One of the latest inventions is tulle flowers; they are particularly suited for tulle ball-dresses, opera bonnets, and wedding wreaths.

The arrangement of the hair varies but little; the adopted style is to part the front hair in four equal portions. The upper bandeaux on either side of the parting are rolled over frizettes, and the lower locks drawn plainly back. The back hair is generally arranged in a waterfall, and covered with an invisible net.

Charming little caps, or rather headdresses, are now worn by young ladies as well as married ones. One style consists of a square piece of tulle, about eight inches every way; this is bordered with a pinked ruche of the tulle, a tulle ruche, or a quilling of ribbon, and at each corner is a bow of bright ribbon. It is arranged in diamond form on the head. The other style consists of a piece of tulle or white muslin, half a yard long and about eight inches wide. One end is pointed and finished with a bow. The pointed end is placed over the forehead; the other end, which is square, hangs down behind; the whole is trimmed with a fluting or ruche of muslin or tulle. These are decidedly coquettish and becoming little affairs.

Festooning the dress has now become a decided fashion, and we now rarely see a dress sweeping up the streets. The simplest method of looping the dress is to sew hooks and eyes on each breadth of the dress, at proper distances. If the dress material is of double width, hooks and eyes will be required in the centre of each breadth.

We see a great variety in muslin skirts, as many persons have a strong prejudice in favor of white skirts, particularly during the warm season. Tucks are decidedly in favor, as they are easily done up; but the more elegant skirts are trimmed with fluted ruffles—sometimes a single ruffle, sometimes three ruffles. The very latest style, however, is to have the edge of the ruffle bound with either black or red, and tassels of either black or red arranged over the fluted ruffle.

A very pretty skirt is made of either white delaine or cashmere, trimmed with fluted ruffles bound with black velvet or braid, or else the skirt can be trimmed with puffs of the material, with bands of velvet between.

Another very pretty and novel style of skirt is formed of alternate lengthwise stripes of blue and white, black and white, or scarlet and white cashmere. The lower edge of each stripe is cut in a sharp point and bound with velvet. As this style of skirt is rather troublesome to make, we would suggest that the upper part of the skirt should be of plain material, and the bordering be but half a yard deep.

Polish boots are now worn both by young and old. They are generally of black morocco, laced up in front quite high on the leg. They are bound with scarlet leather, and trimmed with scarlet tassels; some are tipped with patent leather. Lasting boots are frequently trimmed with velvet rosettes. Boots matching the dress are considered in very good taste.

Mask veils are altogether worn. Some are fastened at the back with a long black lace barbe, which has a very pretty effect.

Bands of velvet are much worn round the throat. Some are ornamented with studs of precious stones, and, though reminding us somewhat of a dog-collar, they are pretty. Three or four yards of velvet or ribbon, tied round the throat and the ends falling at the back, continue to be worn by young ladies.

The newest hair nets are made of small shells or coral. They are very pretty and dressy.

Hats are altogether worn for travelling, and the favorite shape is the turban, with a mask veil. They are generally trimmed with an aigrette of feather perched in front, or else a wing.

The latest style of bridal veil is a combination of veil and mantle. It encircles the face, and is fastened in front with a bouquet of flowers, thus forming a very pretty and sufficient trimming for the corsage.

FASHION.